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ISSUE 26

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VINCENT**

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MEN TOGETHER**

**fiction by
Brian Allen Goodrich**

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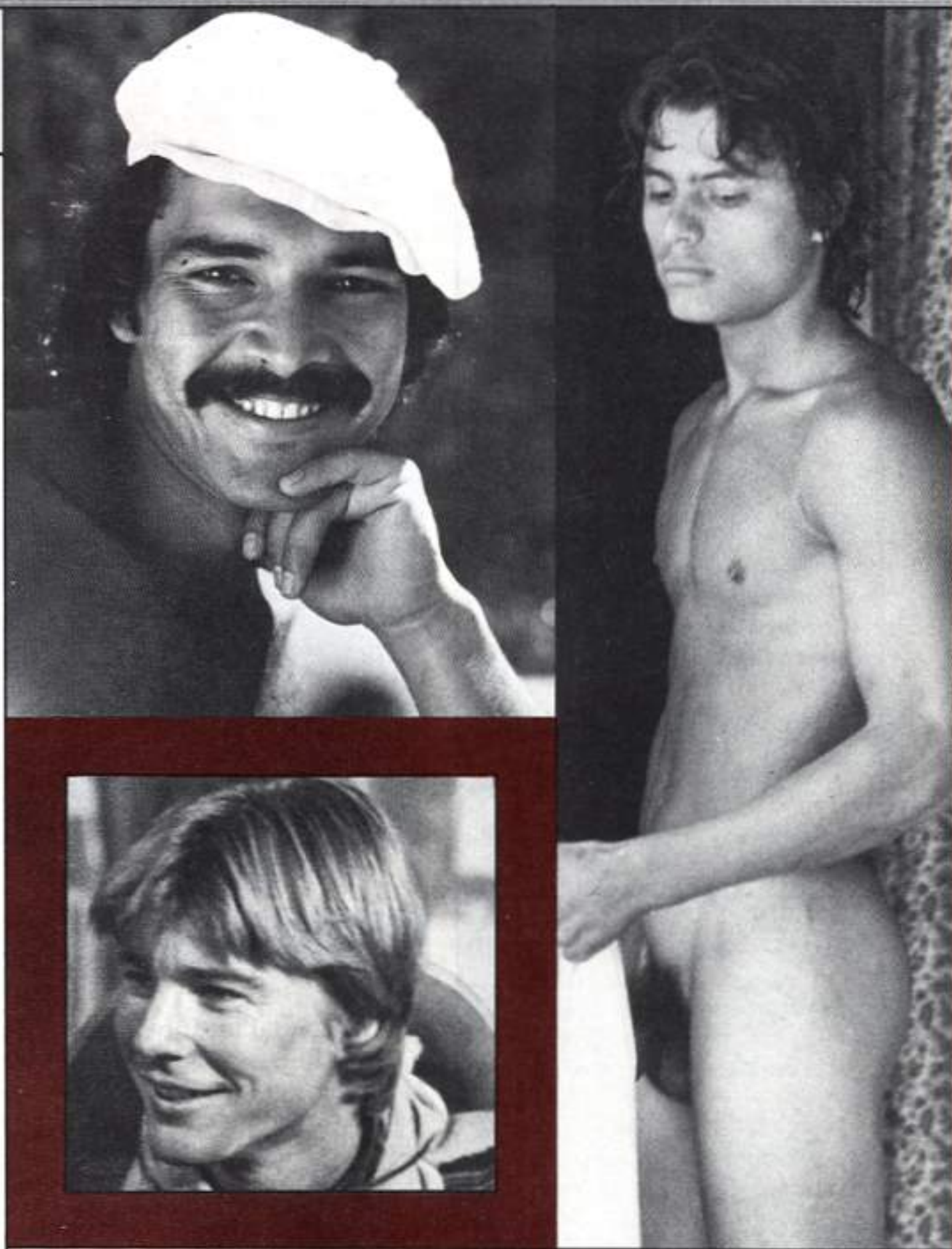
IN TOUCH

THE MAGAZINE FOR A DIFFERENT POINT OF VIEW

ISSUE 26

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EDITORIAL

Bob Finney calls his series of black and white photographs "Gentle Men" and it seems a fitting title. A 31-year-old Los Angeles photographer who takes pictures as a hobby, Finney wanted to show men who are strong and masculine being affectionate and loving to one another. "I wanted to show that it's possible for us men to give affection and not have to take on a macho role."

So he asked friends (none of them professional models) to help him capture them "being tender and affectionate" and wisely avoided shooting faces so that "everyone could iden-

report on what's in store for you in Australia, or join Bob LaRiviere on a fine tour of Boston during this Bicentennial year.

For star-gazing, we've got Robert Redford and Lucille Ball and Jan-Michael Vincent. How's that for star billing?

Robert K. Martin also joins us as a contributing writer with a fascinating look at Walt Whitman and his poetry, a look that will make you appreciate Whitman a lot more than you ever did in high school. And Martin will be with us next time around too.

We haven't forgotten our nudes



The boys of Australia

tify." They did identify — first with a successful showing at L.A.'s Eons Art Gallery — and now hopefully here between these pages. "I put on film what I have experienced," he says. Luckily he shares it with us.

Also in this 3rd anniversary issue, we've got more for you than ever before. More color pages, bigger nude features, fiction for the first time in more than a year, and more cites joining our "On The Town" reports to keep you in touch with what's happening all over the country.

A piece from Brian Allen Goodrich's fine book of prose and poem, "Lost Among The Found" is excerpted in this issue, and you'll see more of his work in the future.

If you're planning on travel this fall or winter, read Martin Smith's

either. You've never seen all three of our nude features in color before, but you're going to now. And you're going to see more of them too. Michael Rock joins us as a contributing photographer with his pictures of Bruce Barnes, travelling from coast (San Francisco) to coast (Fire Island) to capture the essence of the active Mr. Barnes. And Charles Adams is back with us too, bringing along Alberto Rivers, and we put photographer Ryan Boyd together with a hitchhiker for a truly memorable session.

If you think this was something, wait 'til you see our big year-end issue, as we ring in 1977 — our 4th and biggest year yet.

FILMS & & & & & MUSIC & BOOKS & ON THE TOWN

Paramount's *The Shootist* is the reason Westerns were invented. And if you love them like I do, then go see this one because they don't make many like this anymore. It is so moving, so suspenseful, so fascinating it



becomes classic in its genre. John Ford would have given his good eye to direct it, but he's gone and so are most of the great Western directors Hollywood produced. So thank goodness for Don Siegel and his ability to understand just what makes for a classic Western and to direct his cast and crew to this kind of perfection in storytelling. Ironically, it even stars some of Ford's favorite characters. John Wayne, in the title role, has never been better. Not even in *True Grit*, which got him the

Oscar. And if it doesn't bring him another nomination next year then the West truly knows no justice. The role of J.B. Books seems tailor-made for Wayne. He's a famous gunfighter come to die of cancer in a small town. It's 1901 and the West is dying too, giving way to horseless carriages and telephones and legends. Wayne himself battled cancer and won, but during the filming was ill much of the time. His tired, aging appearance only makes his performance all the more perfect. There's good old Jimmy Stewart too, playing the sympathetic doctor who tells Wayne of his fate, and John Carradine in a cameo as the undertaker, a role that will always be his. There's humor, pathos, love, and a climactic gunfight in a saloon that is so well conceived and carried out that it too will be long remembered. Go see it.

—John Roberts

music

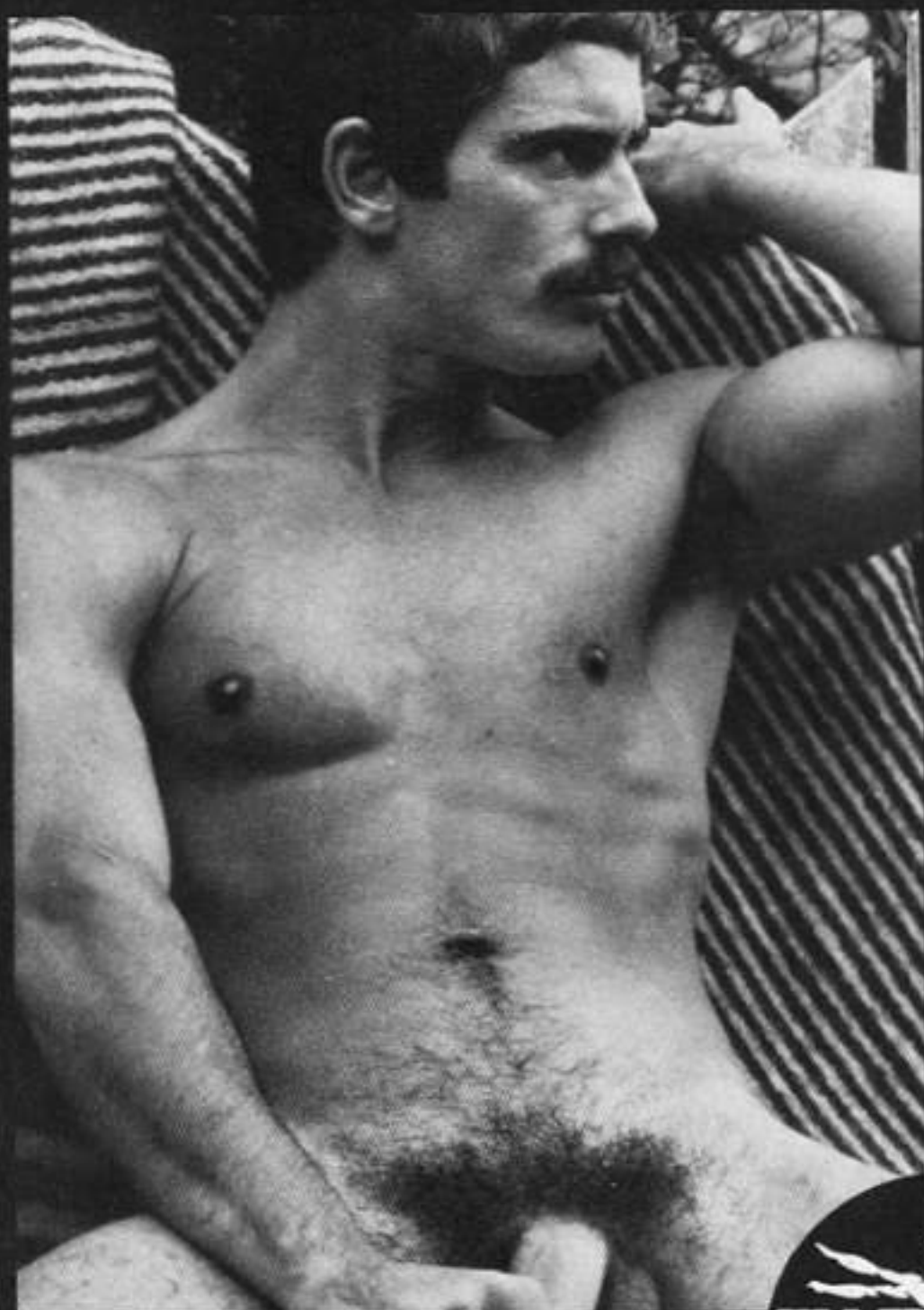
Unlike most of the major labels, Tamla does not flood the market with a monthly parade of debutante diskers, so a new Tamla artist remains an event, not a commonplace write-off. *Full Speed Ahead* introduces Tata Vega, a stunner with the requisite talents in search of a fitting showcase. The title track is the only one with strong potential commercially, thanks to a heavy driving bass and

exuberant delivery. Ashford and Simpson's "Keep It Coming" receives a satisfying treatment, but Stevie Wonder's "Never Had A Dream Come True" suffers the diction problems and lack of individual focus which betray too much of the vocal action on the disc.

Rocketing from skiffle groups to early British rock stardom and a succession of film roles, including his post-salvation exposure in Dr. Billy Graham's *Two A Penny*, Cliff Richard has been a blightly superstar for 18 years, without ever conquering the New World. I'm Nearly Famous, on Elton John's Rocket label, provides the chance. Culture lag muffs it. British rock moved beyond this sort of frail homage to American rockers of the early '50s even before the Beatles. Mike Newbury's "Lovers" is promising, but the rest is long of tooth, short on maturity and anemic.

A shrewder signing by Rocket is Solution, one of Holland's top five bands for the past three seasons. This four-man band should appeal to anyone who has been turned on by Jan Akkermann or Focus. Their schooled rock sound, strongly grounded in jazz and classical forms eschews synthesizers for a stronger combo sound with a greater emphasis on jazz sounds and smooth liquid vocals. "Chappaqua" is the orchestral prize, a fine floater, while Guus Willemse's "A Song For You" is the vocal show piece.

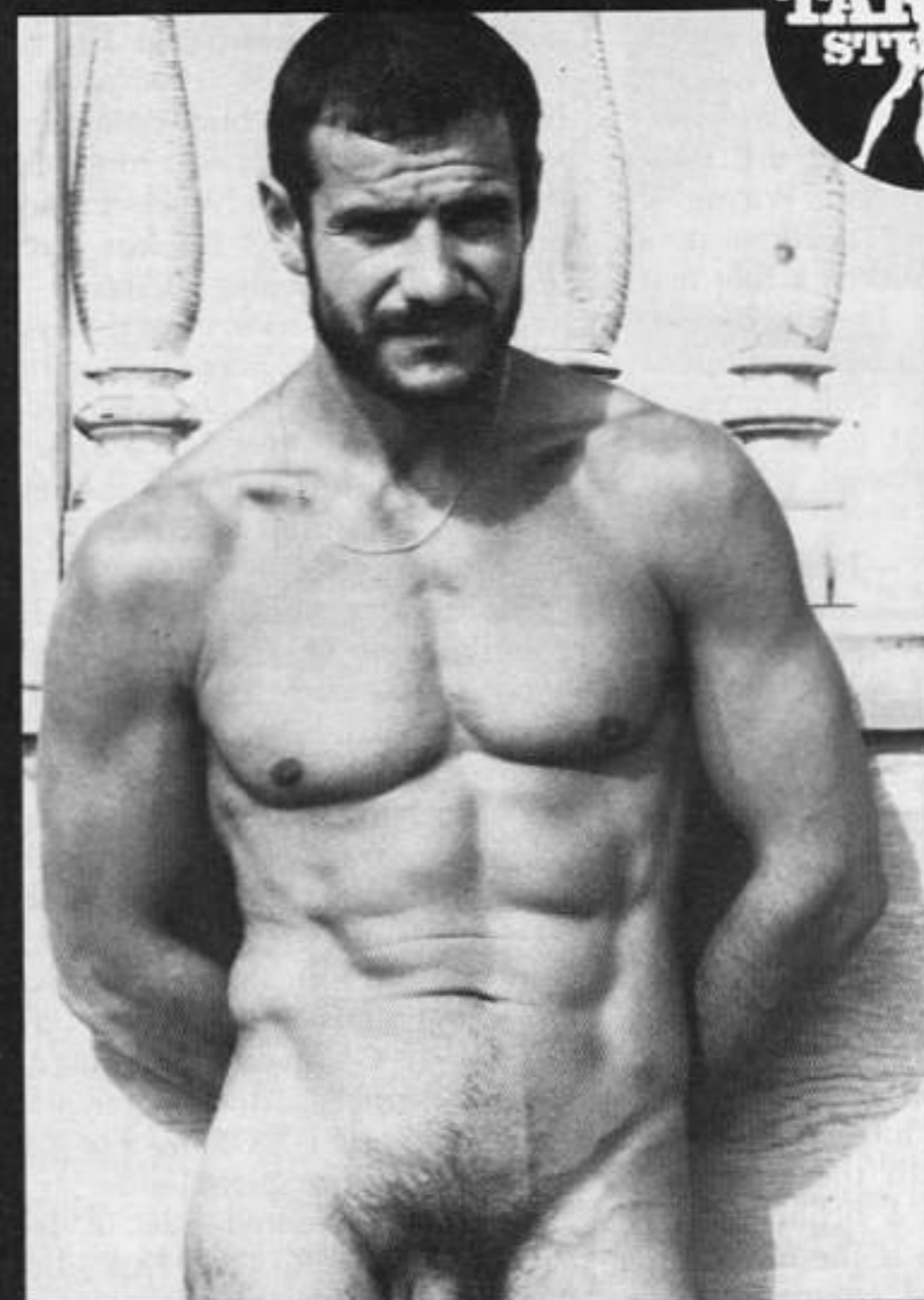
The disco-oriented Salsoul label has wrapped up Double Exposure, a four-man Philadelphia church-nurtured group which often reminds



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the listener of early Harold Melvin and the Blue Notes. **Ten Percent**, which shows the fine hand of producer Norman Harris, is an auspicious launching, from the title hit to their personalized reprise of the Holland-Dozier-Holland emerald, "Baby, I Need Your Loving."

For those who want the disco sound for home parties, Salsoul has come up with a 12-inch 45 RPM disc which features a 9 minute and 15 second "single" side version of "Ten Percent." A little expensive for a single, but a solution to tape for those who long for the special longform versions which have heretofore only been available to DJs and discos. **The Salsoul Orchestra** album doesn't have any track which runs more than six minutes, but in total it makes for a better home disco background at a better price. Includes the hit "Tangerine."

Tracy Nelson looks like your kid sister, but the sounds which come from her gut bear more raw woman power than you'll find in a constellation of her peers. **Time Is On My Side** (MCA) carries the echoes of Bessie Smith and the tradition of great Southern folk blues, but the top line is the distinctive and indivisible pre-echo of greatness, one which cannot fail to realize its destiny, even in the always stultifying glut of superfluous releases from MCA.

"Sure we sing a lot about sex, because sex is maybe the greatest joy there is, and nothing to be furtive about. Not that we're obscene. We're just basic," says Jim Dandy of Black Oak Arkansas. The shame-shunning celebration continues with **Balls Of Fire** (MCA), an advanced ticket to groin to groin frenzy, from the pounding fury of "Fistful Of Love" to the electric elegy of "Leather Angel."

Two For The Show (Legend) by Trooper, five Canadians, has a consistent sound that neither rises nor falls nor builds too much, though it is diverting enough. With regard to "Loretta," we can only ponder how cum it is so healthy to want to bang a 17-year-old female nymph to give you that young-all-over feeling, but if it is a 17-year-old guy, the idea suddenly takes on a very lecherous connotation in society?

Rubettes (State) is another of those British imports that takes five '70s voices to recall the immemorable and insipid moments best left in the dark recesses of the early '60s. These five equal the sounds of early Jan and Dean and Beach Boys. Why bother?

Moon Bathing (MCA) showcases the lyric pen and okay voice of Lesley Duncan. The title song is a moody, misty record of her flight to L.A. and the memories of a love left behind.

Yvonne Fair's **The Bitch Is Black** (Motown), solidly produced by Norman Whitfield, offers a gutsy gospel voice, a low soul outlook, and some of the most subtly charged backgrounds to carry the solo cry of cool, resigned anger.

Tony Thomas, who specializes in knowledgeable film books with an emphasis on the music makers, has a new record label devoted to the movie maestros, which draws upon his access to their archives and early masters.

The first five releases on his Citadel label are promising indeed. One salutes the serious compositions of famed arranger-conductor Robert Russell Bennett and is performed by the London Symphony Orchestra under the baton of the late Bernard Herrmann. Included are the "Violin Concerto In A Major" and "Song and Sonata For Piano and Orchestra."

Alfred Newman: Hollywood Maestro includes a side of pop concert music conducted by Newman and one devoted to his film themes, including *Pinky*, *A Royal Scandal* and his ethereal *The Song of Bernadette*.

The line up of albums also includes a reissue of George Dunning's score from **Bell, Book and Candle**.

Twentieth Century Fox once proudly refused to let its contract stars make commercial recordings. However, Darryl F. Zanuck did authorize the production of special promotional 78s for distribution to radio stations coincidental with the release of his Fox musicals. These well produced promotional recordings make possible **Alice Faye and the Songs of Harry Warren**, which includes songs from 1940's *Tin Pan Alley* to "A Journey of a Star" from 1943's *The Gang's All Here*. This is a good plug and fine complement to Thomas's recent coffee table book chronicle of composer Warren.

Conversations In Hollywood draws from Thomas's years of recording radio interviews to preserve the reminiscences of now-departed stars like Jeanette MacDonald, Francis X. Bushman and Nelson Eddy. Fascinating, at least for one play.

—Damon West

books

We are at last starting to get biographies of persons other than Wilde, Gide, Proust or the ancient Greeks which discuss gayness with some frankness, and with cool. But the level, or "consciousness," of that discussion still in most cases leaves much to be desired.

Back when I came out, I heard frequent discussion of S&M parties at the homes of Charles Laughton, Laird Creger and Thomas Mitchell. I never knew if that was anymore than gossip, though several people said they'd been there, and their stories were consistent. But S&M was then far outside my range of interests.

Now comes Charles Higham with **CHARLES LAUGHTON, AN INTIMATE BIOGRAPHY** (Doubleday, \$8.95, 239 pp.). It is Laughton seen almost exclusively through the eyes of his widow, Elsa Lanchester, and the book was widely pre-advertised as dealing frankly with Laughton's homosexuality. Many Hollywood personalities were said to be trembling lest their own secrets be exposed. They were apparently covered for.

The widow's viewpoint gives the book from the start a death-consciousness that heightens its compelling warmth. It is rich with the complexity and irascible charm of the actor-director's character and the force of his intellect, the softness of the love of nature and art he shared with Elsa. But her editorial effect on the book seems at times cramping.

Laughton's homosexuality is seen only through the eyes of his long-suffering wife's tolerance and politely averted eyes. Affairs are seen as intrusions on their platonic relationship, as something Charles "needed." Lovers have first names only, and there is no evidence Higham interviewed any of them. The rumored S&M parties would seem inconsistent with the image presented here — and gossip that Elsa had lesbian affairs is squelched by repeated references to unnamed male lovers.

But it's a moving and engaging biography, one of the best I've read recently. Except for a brief passage near the end, where Charles discusses with Chris Isherwood the idea

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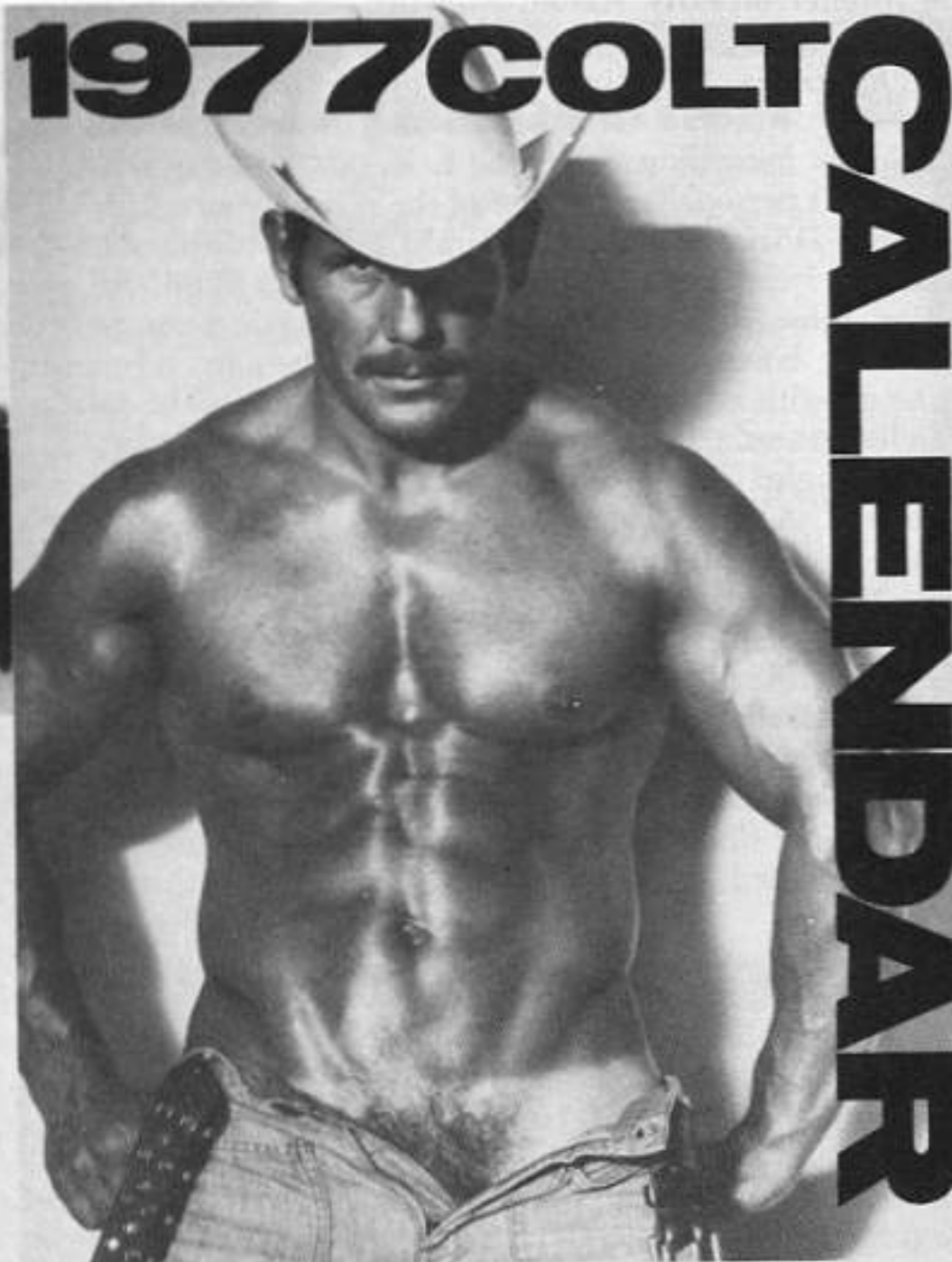
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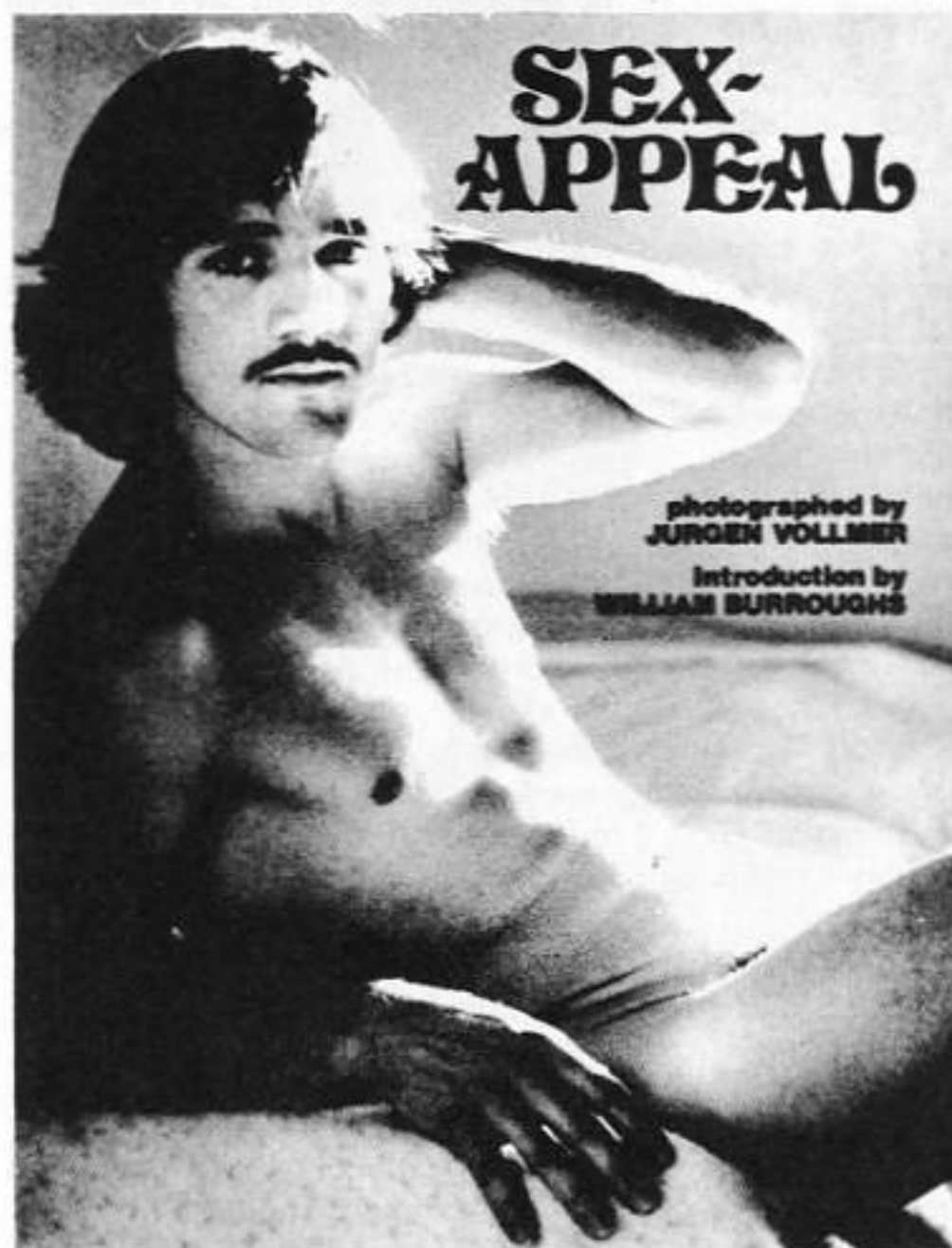
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of making a commitment to the gay cause, the mask hasn't been removed, just lifted a bit.

Somewhat less satisfactory on both counts is *SMART ALECK, THE WIT, WORLD AND LIFE OF ALEXANDER WOOLCOTT*, by Howard Teichmann (Morrow, \$10.95, 334 pp.). Like Laughton, Woolcott was driven to genius by a sense of his own unattractive obesity. He was for an important decade New York's most influential drama critic, famed as a wit and a host, particularly during the heyday of the Algonquin Round Table, and into the Thirties as a radio personality. One of the most vivid characters of the period between the world wars (he served in the first, in company with Harold Ross, Grantland Rice, Adolph Ochs and Stephen Early) but although Teichmann recounts many of Woolcott's funniest lines and escapades, most of them come out a bit flat here. The book is well worth reading, but AW deserves better. Read this then dig up Woolcott's *While Rome Burns* in a used bookstore.

John Paul Hudson (aka John Francis Hunter, the "Insider") and Warren Wexler have dipped their typewriter in acid and come up with a breath-catching mystery set in gay New York, *SUPERSTAR MURDER? A PROSE FLICK* (Grove Press, \$10.95, 352 pp.).

The superstar in question is called Bess Mittmann (who?), a raunchy red-headed singer who made it big after a start at the gay "Cosmopolitan" Baths in New York. Several supporting characters, including Cosmo's proprietor, and Edgar Ball, "vicious" gay writer for the *Village Vision*, and Guido Discontanzo, gay-activist film librarian, are clearly recognizable portrayals. The protagonist, a handsome drifter who answers to the name, Spot, is engaging and convincing, and the rest of the cast, except for the caustic description of Ball and of Bess's teammates, is strong. A damn good story, well sustained and excellently plotted. It holds well right to the end, though some will feel that the gays-vs-cops ballgame was gratuitous. Best action and plotting in any gay mystery to date (except possibly for the wacky *Body Charge*, reviewed here in an early column).

Gavin Lambert is a highly-praised

British writer and former California resident whom I haven't previously read. His *Slide Area*, *The Goodbye People* and *Norman's Letter* should all interest gay readers, and among his screenplay credits were *Inside Daisy Clover*, *Sons and Lovers* and *The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone*. Now in *THE DANGEROUS EDGE* (Grossman Press, \$7.95, 272 pp.) he has done an engrossing examination of the life and work of nine suspense writers, from Wilkie Collins, Doyle, Chesterton and John Buchan to Raymond Chandler and Alfred Hitchcock. The sketches are psychologically perceptive without falling into Freudian dogma and jargon. The critiques are sound without getting tedious and the parallels he draws between the lives of the writers and the characters and attitudes in their writing seems both pertinent and unforced. A pleasure to read.

Brian Allen Goodrich opens *LOST AMONG THE FOUND* (Rothgar Publications, pb, 85 pp, \$3.95), a volume of four exquisite sketches or short stories and several weak verses about hustling New York in the late '60s with a gratuitous slap at an earlier explorer of that scene. Say only that Rechy helped effect the changing attitudes that made a later generation of hustlers able to admit their underlying gayness.

The stories, especially "Penny Candy" and "Ella" pack a considerable wallop, but most of the verse is poorly crafted, with such exceptions as "Antinous" and "We Listened Wavoka." But even the weaker verses show glints of insight, humor and original phrasing.

In the last issue the reference to MOTW was to the fine poetry magazine *MOUTH OF THE DRAGON*, \$2.50 per copy from Box 107, Cooper Stn., New York, NY 10003.

There has to date been a real shortage in gay comic strips — the classic "Adventures of Harry Chess" from the old *Drum Magazine* and *Q.Q.*; a failure in the old *Advocate* based on a Larry Townsend story; a few panels from *Doonesbury*; etc. Now we have *GAY HEART THROBS*, from Fulhorne Productions at 1645 Folsom St., Suite 5, San Francisco 94103 at \$1 plus 25c postage (adults only) with work by 10 artists of varying talents and varying styles. A fine start . . .

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Every Judy-buff who still thrills to the sounds of "Over The Rainbow" should run not walk to get a copy of *DOWN THE YELLOW BRICK ROAD* by Doug McClellan, the well-illustrated story of the making of *The Wizard of Oz* (Pyramid Publications, 159 pgs., \$4.95). Full of the fantasy and joy the film itself still evokes.

And film buffs shouldn't miss the several reference and/or coffee table books by James Robert Parish: *GREAT MOVIE HEROES* (Harper/Barnes & Nobel, 115 pgs., \$1.95) for a well illustrated guide to who was in what when; *THE GREAT GANGSTER PICTURES*, co-authored with Michael R. Pitts (Scarecrow, 431 pgs., \$15) for an encyclopaedic rundown on this ever-popular media in its heyday — an approach both scholarly and exciting; *THE DEBONAIRS*, co-authored with Don E. Stanke (Arlington House, 511 pgs., \$25) for a handsome and thorough survey of the careers of Cary Grant, Wm. Powell, David Niven, Rex Harrison et al (no Leslie Howard?) with full credits of each of their films; and *THE SWASHBUCKLERS*, also with Stanke (Arlington, 672 pgs., \$19.95), examining Fairbanks, Power, Flynn, Tony Curtis and others. Good critical and thorough history which keeps alive all the old glamour. . . .

A different sort of film reference book is a shopper's guide to gay action loops, *CINEOGRAPHY 2: MASTER INDEX*, ed. by David Rogers, (Market Reports, Box 15632, Seattle 98115) with some guidance to reliability of companies marketing gay erotic films. The productions of Jaguar, Bizarre, AMG, etc. are omitted, along with such features as "Erotic Hands" and "The Night My Roommate Brought Home a Trick," and some omissions stem from the editors' views that the films are old hat — a view not shared by all potential customers.

Grant Tracy Saxon's *MAKING LOVE* (\$1.75 paperback) is a warm, witty and wise volume of advice to lovers, gay and bi and otherwise that is a joy to read, especially as he avoids the know-it-all tone of most such books.

—Jim Kepner

on the town

new york

As the weather begins to cool and leaves turn color, entertainment which has languished over the long hot summer suddenly awakens. Holdovers, saved by Bicentennial visitors and Democrats, must now hold their own against new shows.

An inevitable one-woman show comes to us on the heels of a sold-out road tour through the country prior to Broadway. Eileen Heckart will play Eleanor Roosevelt in "Eleanor." The show, told as a personal account, will portray the woman behind the public image and deal with the years in The White House during the formation of the United Nations.

Doing well everywhere it plays, the 25th anniversary production of "The King And I" will come to Broadway starring Yul Brynner and Constance Towers. Jerry Lewis will finally tread the boards in "Hellzapoppin'," a revival of the zany old Olsen and Johnson musical comedy during which the two clowns did everything but commit murder onstage. People who sat in the first two rows during the original production were soaked with water, covered with whipped cream and sometimes set afire. Wear your old clothes.

Clamma Jones, who got raves for her recital at Carnegie Hall last Spring, will play Bess in a revival of "Porgy and Bess," opening at The Uris Theater and Billy Dee Williams is portraying the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King in "I Have A Dream" at the Ambassador, a project being watched closely for film possibilities.

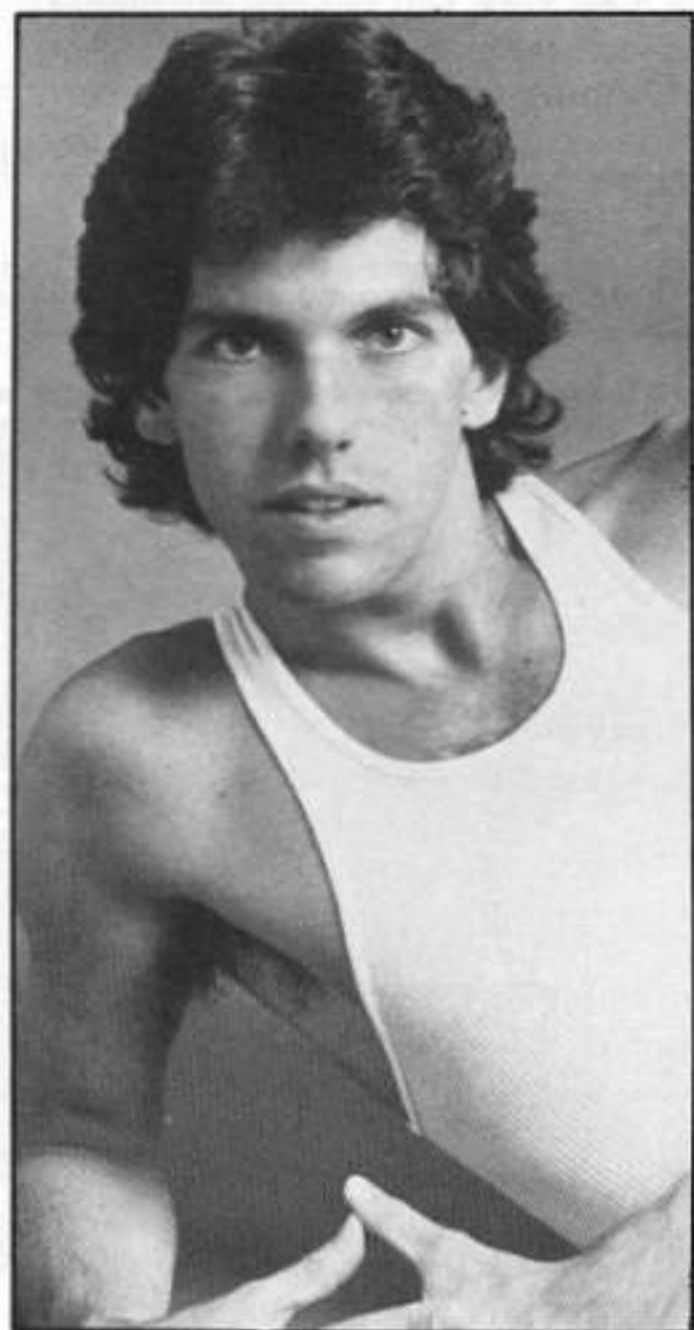
Ellen Burstyn, last seen on Broadway in "Same Time, Next Year," returns as "Aimee," based on the life of evangelist Aimee Semple McPherson. Liv Ullman returns in the title role of Eugene O'Neill's "Anna Christie." The last famous Swede to play that part is still living in seclusion on East 52nd Street. One wonders if she'll venture out for a peek.

Another fascinating prospect is a revival of "The Philadelphia Story"

starring Vanessa Redgrave in the Katherine Hepburn role and Richard Benjamin and Paula Prentiss as the two reporters first played by Jimmy Stewart and Ruth Hussey. Carol Channing is opening this Fall in a farce by Ben Travers, "The Bed Before Yesterday," which drew raves for Joan Plowright in London. Also from England, Trevor Griffith's "The Comedians," being directed here by Mike Nichols, is a play about nightclub comics and their special world. Another major event is the return of Ralph Richardson and John Gielgud starring together in "No Man's Land," scheduled for late October.

Two sexual musicals, "Let My People Come" which moved to Broadway following a three-year engagement at The Village Gate and "Oh Calcutta!" making a return appearance, are causing thin-lipped concern among Broadway tight asses. They think such fare cheapens the image of the theater, obviously forgetting their own origins.

On the nightclub circuit, the sensation of the summer, Dean Pitchford, was held over until this month at The Ballroom in Soho where he wiped out all major critics



Dean Pitchford

with his sensational new act. The only male club performer to score a solo hit on a largely female circuit,

Photo by Ken Duncan

Pitchford has a great voice and the tightest, most together act around. Introducing two new songs from Stephen Schwartz's "The Baker's Wife," which has now opened on Broadway, he enchanted the cheering crowd. Beautiful arrangements by Robert Goldstone were delivered with style and assurance by a class performer. Credit Craig Zadan for writing and directing the entire show. He should give singers lessons on how to put together an act.

Following Pitchford into The Ballroom this Fall will be a series of evenings with composers playing their own music. The lineup at present includes Stephen Schwartz, Julie Styne, Comden and Green, Carolyn Leigh and Jerry Herman. Stephen Sondheim, now in Vienna filming "A Little Night Music," will join the roster when he returns in early winter.

The New York version of "Boy Meets Boy," which just celebrated its first anniversary, has something to celebrate. Mrs. Miller, in a recent appearance on "The Merv Griffin Show," spontaneously plugged the show, causing a \$4,000 increase at the boxoffice the next day. And now, in cooperation with Lambda Travel in New York, will arrange gay dinner show evenings for gay couples at New York restaurants after the performances. Talk about your blue-haired ladies!

—Vito Russo

atlanta

Two stars were born when Melvin Van Peebles cast Atlanta Mayor Maynard Jackson and Ga. Rep. Julian Bond in supporting roles in a film with the working title of *Greased Lightning*, which was shot in Atlanta and Madison, Ga., last summer. Van Peebles later "eased out" (a press agent's term) and was replaced as director by Michael (Car Wash, Cooley High) Schultz. Richard Pryor stars in the biography of race driver Wendell Scott.

Burt Reynolds is currently based in Atlanta while filming a new adventure, *Smokey and the Bandit*, for Universal. Jackie Gleason, Sally Field and Jerry Reed are co-starred, but it sounds like one of those pictures in which the stuntmen will have all the lines.

Producer Stan Canter, here touting his Charles Bronson starrer, *St. Ives*, says that Bronson "is probably 58 years old — he admits 55 or -6 . . . but when he takes off his shirt, he makes you look sick, even if you're only half his age!" Canter is preparing a major new "Tarzan" film, *Lord Greystone*, with script by Robert Towne. He says the star will probably be an unknown, and not a muscleman.

Peter Mark Richman, here recently in "The Owl and the Pussycat" with Gail Fisher at the Midnight Sun Dinner Theatre, said he was surprised, when he filmed a "Police Story" episode, to see how much power the network gave to a gay advisor on the set. Richman played a "ripper" who cut up men and who turned out to be a latent you-know-what.

The Midnight Sun is currently offering "Sleuth," with James Daly. Henry Denker's "The Second Time Around," which premiered there last summer, is set for a December Broadway opening with the same stars, Hans Conried and Molly Picon. They were delightful, but the play didn't seem strong enough for New York. Time will tell.

Versatile Sonny Knox had his original photographs exhibited at the



Sonny Knox

Handshake Gallery in September, while he was starring at the Barn Dinner Theatre in "The Odd Couple" — surely the youngest actor to play Felix Ungar in a professional production.

Stephen's Saloon, the friendliest bar in town, is attracting a lot of people (including yours truly) who don't go to bars much. Detroiters know it as Tiffany's. Frank Powell's County

Seat opened in late August; and by now, it should have lured some of the disco crowd away from Back Street.

The Wit's End Players have just opened "An Evening without Buchwald; or Where Is Art?" said to be the first authorized revue based on the humorist's writings.

The new Atlanta Lyric Opera will debut with Lorna Haywood as "Madame Butterfly," conducted by artistic director William Noll, Nov. 5 and 7 at the Fox Theatre. Scenery and costumes come from the Chicago Lyric Opera.

Academy Theatre goes back to the Bard for nine weeks, beginning Oct. 22, with "As You Like It." Onstage Atlanta presents the first Atlanta production of "Twigs," Nov. 4-20, with Eric DuBois directing.

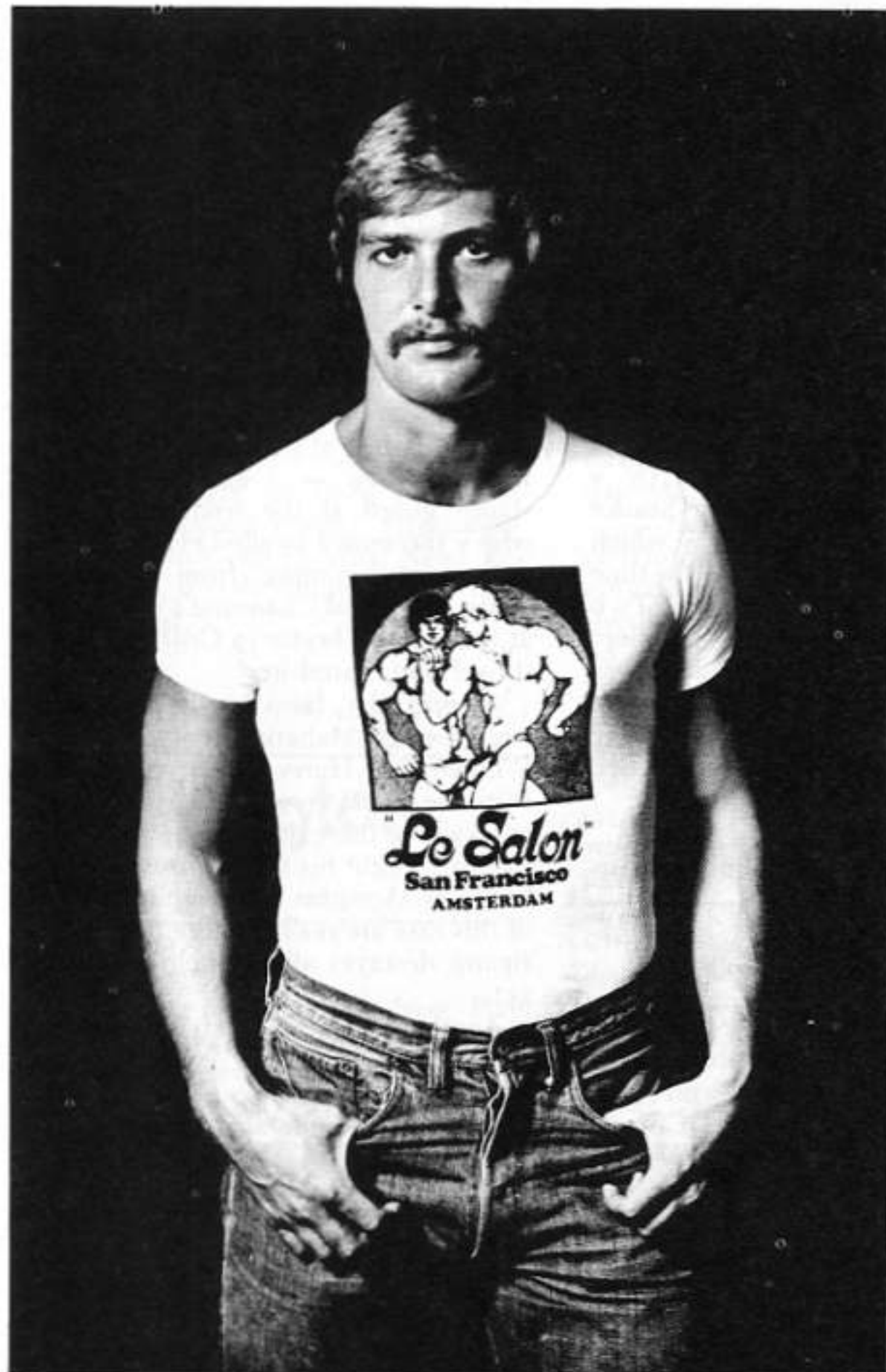
Passing through: Frank Sinatra, Oct. 23; Ted Nugent, Oct. 24; Cyril Ritchard in "Naughty Marietta," Oct. 25; "Equus," Oct. 26-27; Jackson Browne and Orleans, Oct. 27; Dance Theatre of Harlem, Nov. 5-7; Ballet Folklorico de Mexico, Nov. 6; "Shenandoah," Nov. 13; Ella Fitzgerald and Count Basie, Dec. 4; "Raisin," Dec. 14-19.

—Steve Warren

san francisco

Their return was more a ripple than a splash, but the Angels of Light, those flamboyant lovelies who took over where San Francisco's original late '60s crazies the Cockettes left off, are back home, fresh from the international circuit. Tucked into the Montgomery Playhouse, the troupe is currently presenting "The Shocking Pink Life of Jane Champagne," a musical of sorts sort-of based on the life of Jayne Mansfield.

Alas, the only shock is realizing how much they're approaching the anachronistic stage. Not that that particularly peculiar type of "theatre" isn't still in vogue (witness their successful progenies ranging from the Cycle Sluts to The Tubes), but that glittery, slap-happy raffishness no longer seems a strong enough premise. What's lacking in "Jane Champagne" is a sense of professionalism and coherent direction. For the most part, this is hardly more than a mindless, inane, overstated showcase for female impersonation.



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Still, the costumes are dazzling, and the camping is courageous, so it's possible there may be those who will get off on such antics, however strained.

Now, if it's sprightly, enjoyable theatre you're after, the San Francisco version of "Boy Meets Boy" is highly recommended. It's a delectable spoof with inventive lyrics and a hummable score, as well as being succinctly paced and capably rendered by a talented cast. It's certainly "gay" theatre designed for all persuasions and sensibilities. At the Chi-Chi Club on beautiful neon Broadway.

While we're on the subject of theatre, the American Conservatory Theatre's season has opened at the Geary with "Othello" and Shaw's "Pygmalion" now in repertory. Upcoming will be a revival of "Equus" beginning Nov. 2 and, later on, Jules Feiffer's "Knock, Knock" and Tom Stoppard's Tony Award-winning "Travesties." And while we're talking about ACT, William Ball's acclaimed production of "Taming of the Shrew" will be produced for the Public Broadcasting Service's 39-week "Great Performance" series this fall.

The lovely, Art Deco Castro Theatre has been purchased by the art-film Surf chain, and now bored-with-the-bars Castro St. denizens have a new alternative. Looks like they'll be concentrating on the oldies-but-goodies (currently they're in the midst of a Warner Bros. salute).

Been thinking about getting in shape but convinced yourself it's too much trouble? Try Bodyworks, a unique approach to physical fitness that provides (according to them) "full-range results with less than an hour of weekly training," utilizing the revolutionary Nautilus weight-training equipment. Their first center in San Francisco has opened at 1230 Sutter St. (And if that doesn't impress you, maybe the fact that Don Milan of the Greenbay Packers and several college football teams work out there will.)

Other news: Bobbie & I are a musical mystery tour de force, nightly in the Fairmont's New Orleans Room . . . It ain't the Continental, but the Ritch St. Baths has instituted live entertainment in their restaurant the first Monday of each month (ladies admitted) . . . Remember Ginny Tiu? Neither did I, until I was reminded she astounded Ed

Sullivan's audience (ergo the world) as a 5-year-old prodigy on the piano almost 17 years ago. If you've lost sleep wondering what's happened to her, she's performing at Kendurina, an exotic new restaurant at 325 Sacramento St. . . . Should you be the type to do things ahead of time, The City has announced its New Year's Eve show, with the powerful Etta James doing the honors.

"Pacific Overtures" can be heard at the Civic Light Opera thru Dec. 18 . . . The Showcase is producing its own plays, beginning with a Tennessee Williams double-header — "The Glass Menagerie," which probably will have closed by the time this reaches print, and "Two Character Play," set to premiere Nov. 16. Williams, incidentally, was on hand for technical advice during rehearsals . . . Vicki Sue ("Turn the Beat Around") Robinson is pencilled in for a Boarding House date.

—Bob Kiggins

los angeles

Chita Rivera bounced away from Broadway and her starring role in "Chicago" to hit the road last month with her new nightclub act. Her first stop was Studio One's Backlot Room, which she originally opened a year ago last January when she first started working on the act with director / choreographer Ron Field, who conceived and produced the show with Fred Ebb.

It's an exciting, funky, trashy (with Chita, what else?) show in which this talented and versatile entertainer gives expression to several great songs (by John Kander and Fred Ebb, Rodgers and Hart and others) and wraps her sinewy, sensual limbs around some flashy dances that Field has created for her. Field's staging throughout is sensational. (He just finished creating the dances for the new Liza Minnelli / Robert De Nero movie *New York, New York* and for the upcoming CBS-TV special tribute to Richard Rodgers, which features Don Correia, the hot dancer from the L.A. company of "A Chorus Line.")

Adding to the visual interest, Chita's backed by three hunky singer/dancers named Tony Stevens, Leland Schwantes and Spencer Henderson.

Opening night was one of those electrifying events, with the invitational audience packed with people such as Liza Minnelli, Shirley MacLaine, Larry Kert, Stockard Channing, Liz Torres and Charles Pierce (who had just finished packing the room for two weeks). But the excitement didn't stop at the end of the show, by which time the stage was literally covered with flowers from Chita's many admirers.

Allan Carr then tossed a little (!) party for Chita at his palatial Beverly Hills mansion — a giant "Oscar" stands guard at the front door — where the crowd swelled even more, with many coming from George Burns and Carol Channing's opening at the Greek Theatre in Griffith Park (loved him, hated her).

Among the faces spotted there were George Maharis, Henry (Fonz) Winkler and Harry Reams (no, not together). Harry's turning up everywhere these days, trying to raise money to fight his *Deep Throat* legal battle in Memphis. The implications of this case are really frightening and Reams deserves all the help he can get.

Another exciting theatrical event was "Pacific Overtures," which closed the Los Angeles Civic Light Opera's 39th annual season. The CLO took a chance in booking this production after it failed on Broadway and everyone concerned is to be applauded. It's a brilliant musical, beautiful to behold and delightful to hear (I feel it's one of Stephen Sondheim's finest scores). It has flaws, but the overall scope and achievement make them seem minor. Harold Prince is a genius.

While I was in Provincetown this past summer, I caught Craig Russell at the Crown and Anchor's Back Room (where he was booked for a couple of weeks and then held over to reign for the entire summer). He's a sensational performer and one of the finest impressionists in the entertainment industry. Craig's added a lot of funny new material (he has a wicked wit) and several new characters, including Rita Hayworth and Elizabeth Taylor. If you've never seen Craig Russell, by all means do so. If you have and are like me, you'll see him every chance you get because his talent is that tremendous. It always amazes me how he can do so many different voices so accurately.

In New York, I went back for a repeat visit to "Let My People

Come," which has moved from the Village to the Morosco Theatre on Broadway. The "sexual musical" is much brassier and bawdier now, but it's still great fun. And producer / director Phil Oesterman has taken the cream of the crop from the New York and L.A. productions — along with a few others he's picked up along the way — and come up with a really hot-looking and talented cast. I'd let any one of them come any time they wanted to.

The one play to really see in New York, though, is David Rabe's intense, gripping drama, "Streamers," at Lincoln Center's Mitzi Newhouse Theatre. It is dynamite and will blow you apart.

—Ron Englert

washington, d.c.

A cross town at The New Playwright's Theatre we've had a confrontation with the outer beauty/inner beauty

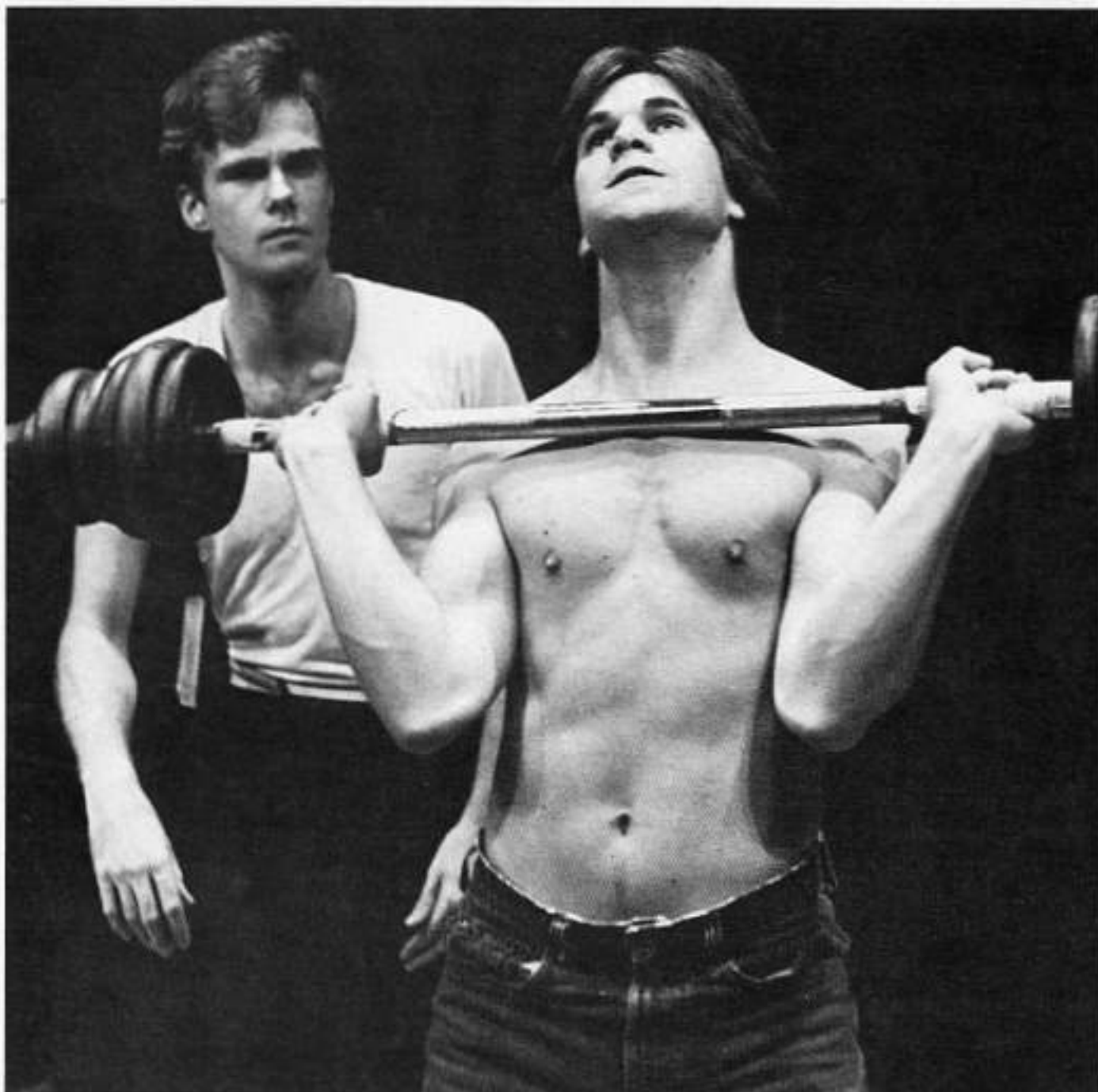
dichotomy: the opening of "Gymnasium," an arresting new play by H. Jones Baker III.

The story of an aging professor's nearly ruinous involvement with a vacuous young campus athlete, "Gymnasium" makes a series of simultaneous cases against mere physical attraction as the foundation for relationships. The play is eminently timely for gays in light of the current process of raising consciousness which, happily, accompanies our arduously slow and painstakingly acquired liberation.

"Gymnasium" is a warning, a cautionary tale wrought in an episodic, fragmentary style which sternly, relentlessly keeps the mirror up to nature . . . our nature. The young athlete is self-serving, dominating, destructive; the professor is smitten, wanting only to please the boy, and, in the attempt to do so strips himself of his own unique worth. The senseless suicide of a rejected suitor interrupts this process, however, and the play ends positively with the professor regaining power over his own destiny.

—Frank Akers

(Please Turn To Page 74)



Patrick Fisher (left) and Sunny Schnitzer in "Gymnasium"

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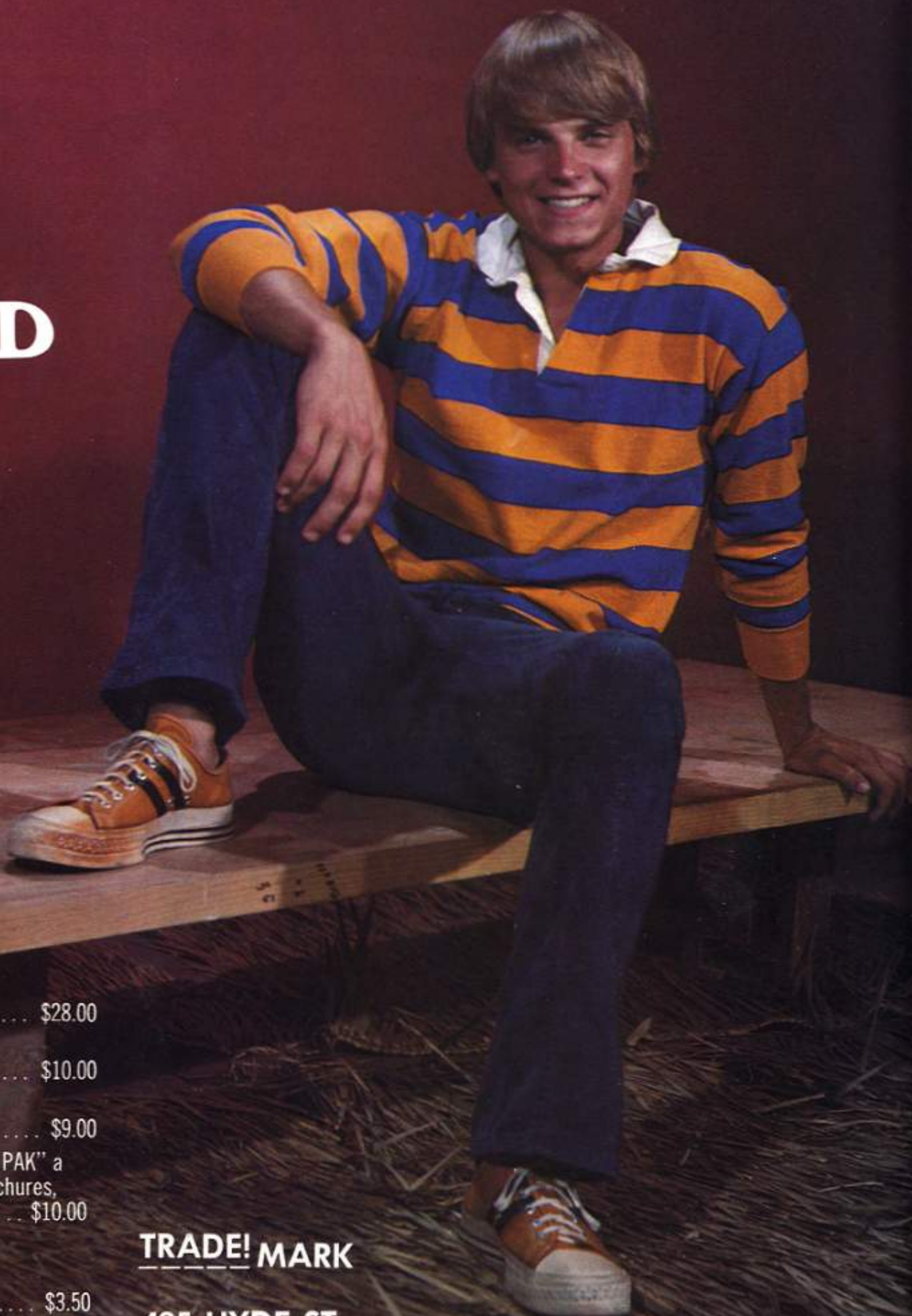
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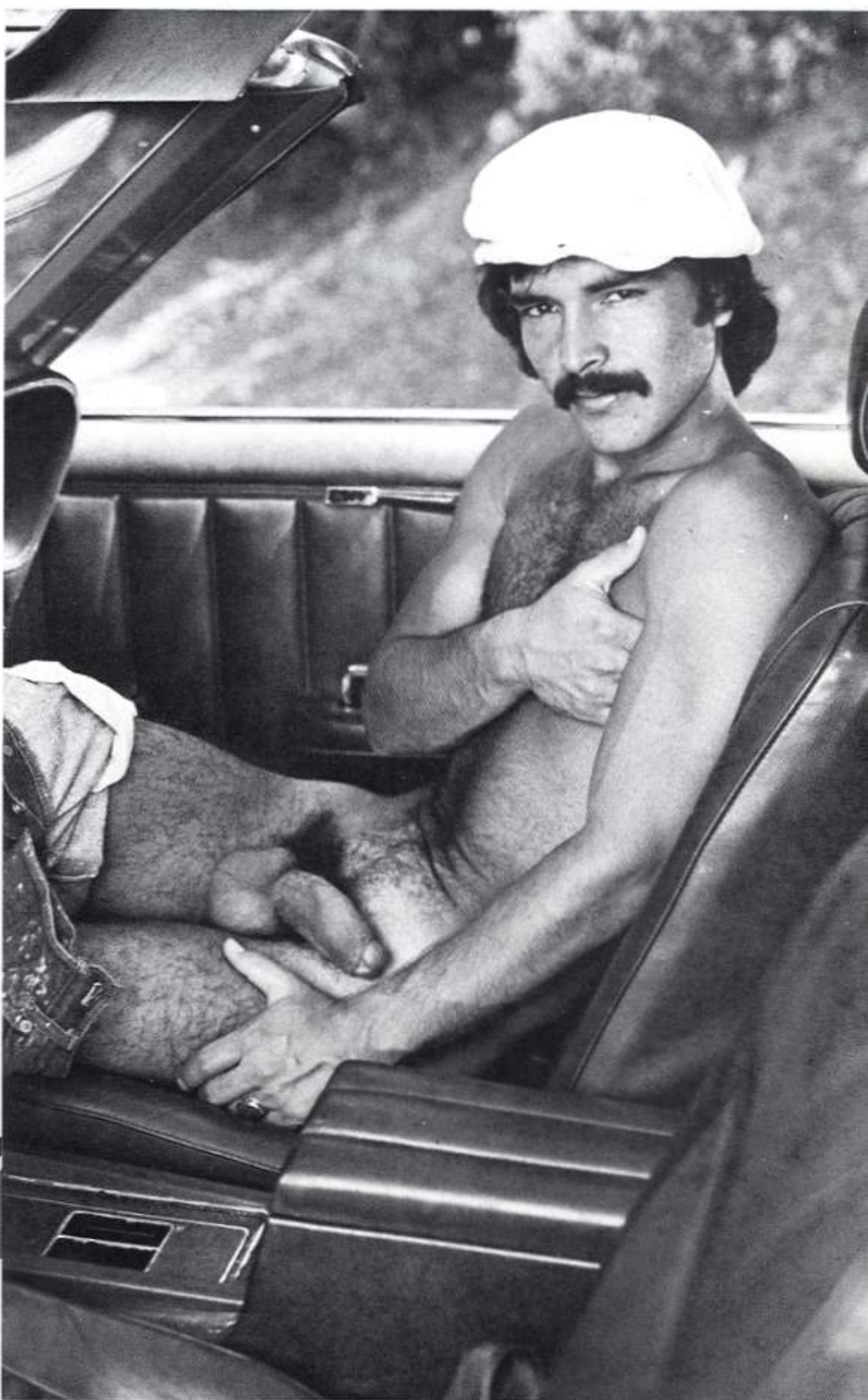
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"I want no boundaries to limit me at this point of my life," 22-year-old Jaime De La Costa has been saying since he left Central America three years ago to see the United States. And so he roams America taking in every thing, running free like the untamed horses of Mexico, sticking to the open country where he can let "my body be as free as possible." He likes it out where the sun can blaze down on him, ridding his body of clothes, becoming more a part of the land, running naked through the woods, tasting the succulent juice of the maguey — a Mexican cactus that produces a sweet juice similar to coconut milk.

He spends as little time as possible in the cities. "Even in the nite spots where people are supposed to be freer, they aren't. They're leery about opening up to you. I go into a bar and I smile at someone, but they rarely smile back. They just look at your crotch."

America is unlike his homeland, where he says "you can express yourself more openly and men often go arm in arm showing their affection. It really makes me sad. I think that's why I prefer the country to the city."

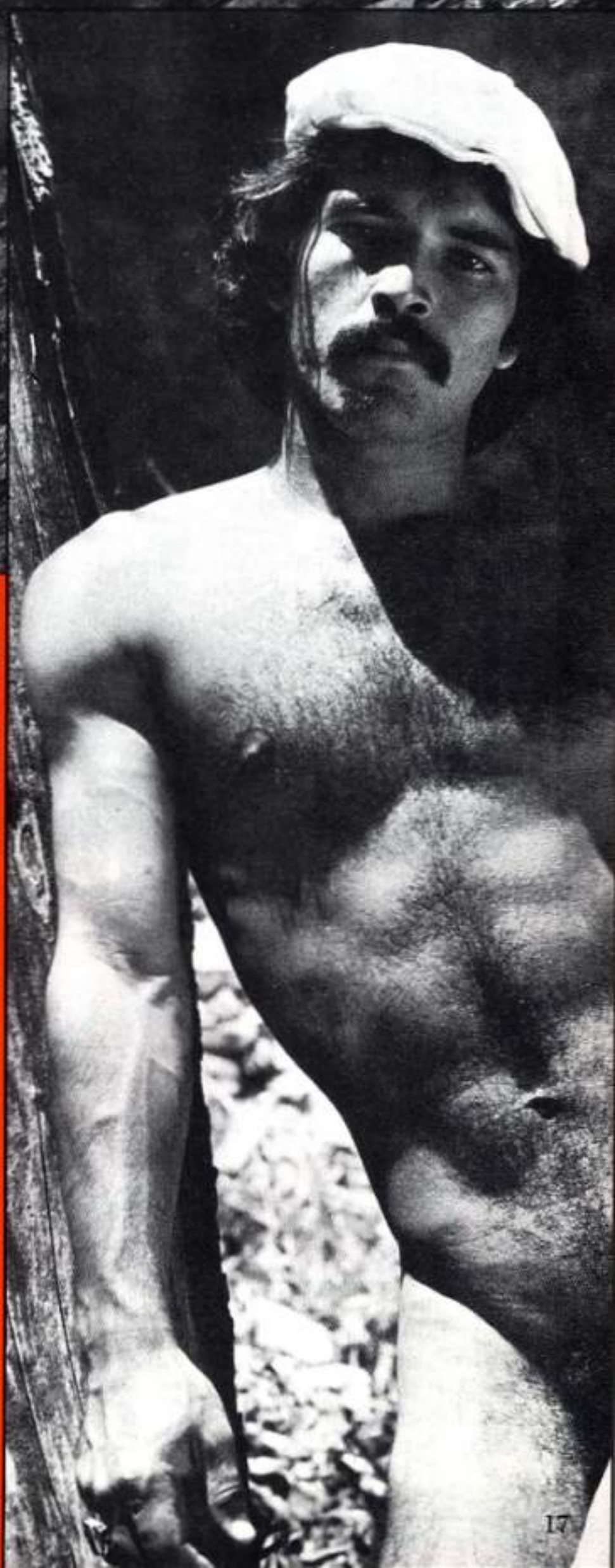
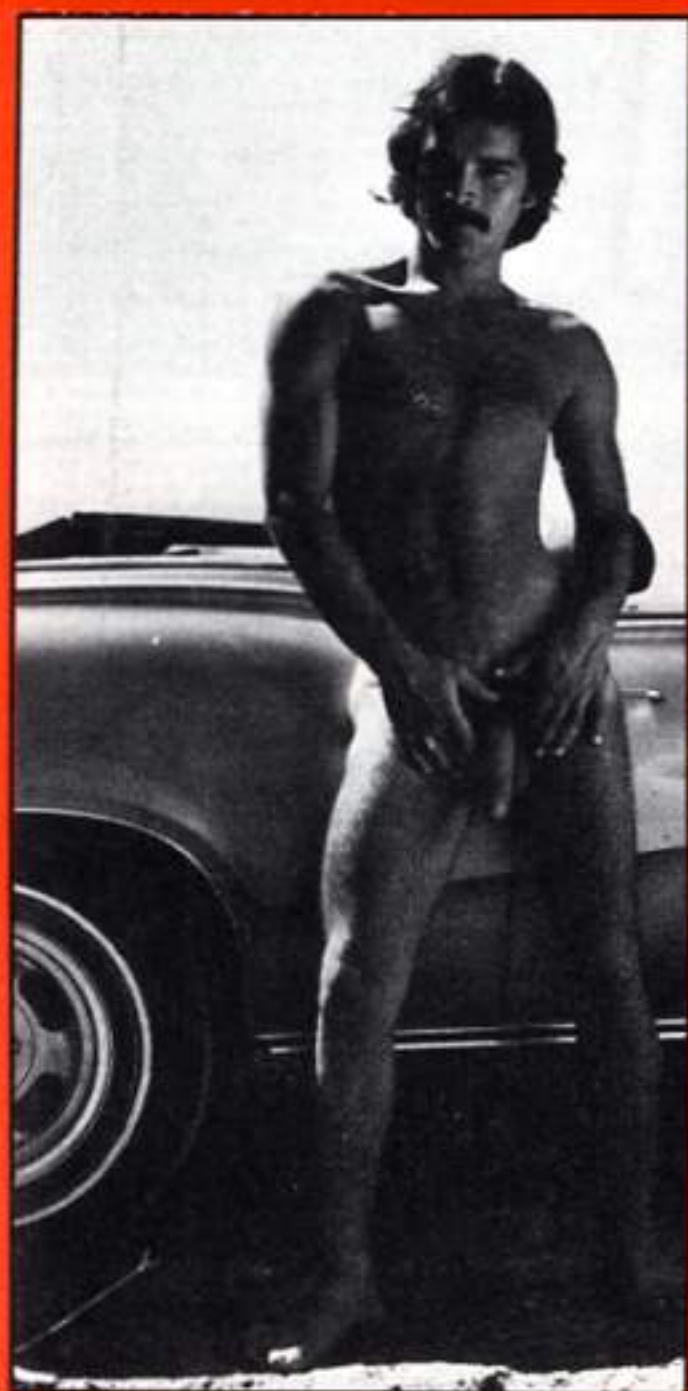
And why he goes off thumbing his way across America's open country. But lest anyone get the impression he's just a wanderer, he adds, "This does not mean that I would not like to settle up with someone, if the right person would come along that I could share this life with, well . . ."



THE HITCHHIKER

Photography by RYAN BOYD





Boston is well known for its provincial atmosphere and its sense of history, a feature that has been widely trumpeted during this Bicentennial year. But much of the city's uniqueness lies in the wide variety of experiences it offers. It has the excitement of city life, yet is within driving distance to both the mountains and the sea.

In the heart of Boston is Beacon Hill and its original cobblestone streets and hidden gardens nestled within courtyards and alleys. "The Hill" is an anomaly among Boston's neighborhoods; it's home to the students and the old "proper Bostonian" aristocracy, both groups co-existing within the brick townhouses and renovated livery stables of this 10-square-block area.

Charles Street, with its antique shops, florists, cafes and 19th Century street lamps, forms one boundary of Beacon Hill, and provides a very sturdy and lovely sense of the past. The Charles St. Meetinghouse, built in 1842, features a cafe serving continental desserts and light meals in a pleasant atmosphere of classical music and soft lighting. During warm weather, it expands to the street, where outdoor tables offer a view of the diversified populace of Charles St. and The Hill. The Meetinghouse is a popular gathering place for Beacon Hill's large gay population, and sponsors many fundraising activities for the city's gay and non-gay organizations.

Because of Boston's confusing street system, it might be best for travellers to simply leave their cars in one of the parking garages and use the city's extensive bus and rapid transit lines, rather than fight with the shortage of parking or with all the one-way streets and dead-ends.

Gay bars come and go here, but as of this writing, there are about a dozen of them within the city confines.

Sporters, on Cambridge St. near Government Center, is contained within a non-descript building. There is no sign above the door, but everyone knows where it is. It is a small, but very popular cruising bar; there is no dancing here, but it is usually too crowded for that, anyway. Many Boston residents remember Sporters as the first gay bar they ever visited. It's a gay landmark in the city, and its proximity to Beacon Hill is another reason for its popularity.

1270, in the Back Bay, is definitely the liveliest of the city's gay establishments. Located in the shadow of Fenway Park, it offers three floors for dancing, and is very popular with college students, many of whom attend nearby Boston University. It has a very Spartan decor, but the liveliness of its patrons more than compensates for its unimaginative atmosphere.

There are many other gay bars in Boston, and they offer enough variety to appeal to any taste. Ken's, a large, all-night restaurant on Boylston St., across from the Public Library, is a very popular spot, especially after the bars close. Check out Styx, a relatively new gay bar directly behind the library; it features an excellent sound system and a very plush atmosphere.

For all the cruisers, there is the Esplanade, a very long and narrow park along the Charles River. Running along Storrow Drive, from Massachusetts General Hospital to the Mass. Avenue Bridge, it is a lovely tree-studded and grassy park. During the day it is a very popular place for dog-walking, jogging, or just relaxing. After dark, its many trees and shrubs make it a very uninhibited sexual playground.

The Greyhound bus terminal in Park Square is the major hangout for the teenage hustlers, and the area known as "The Block," between Arlington and Berkeley Streets, is another big cruising area. A general note of warning: because of considerable public pressure, these three cruising areas are pretty heavily patrolled by police, so be careful.

The city offers a vast array of cultural activities. The Museum of Fine Arts, on Huntington Avenue, is an enormous granite building containing a diverse collection of both permanent and short-term exhibits. If you decide to visit the museum, make plans to spend an entire day; otherwise, you'll be unable to fully appreciate its scope. The Science Museum is devoted to both the natural and the applied sciences, and is designed for those who enjoy touching and participating in the exhibits. Its Human Sciences wing is wonderful, and its Hayden Planetarium offers some awesome spectacles. Other museums of note are the Agassiz Museum at Harvard, the Gardner Museum and the Museum of Afro-American History.

Symphony Hall, also on Hun-

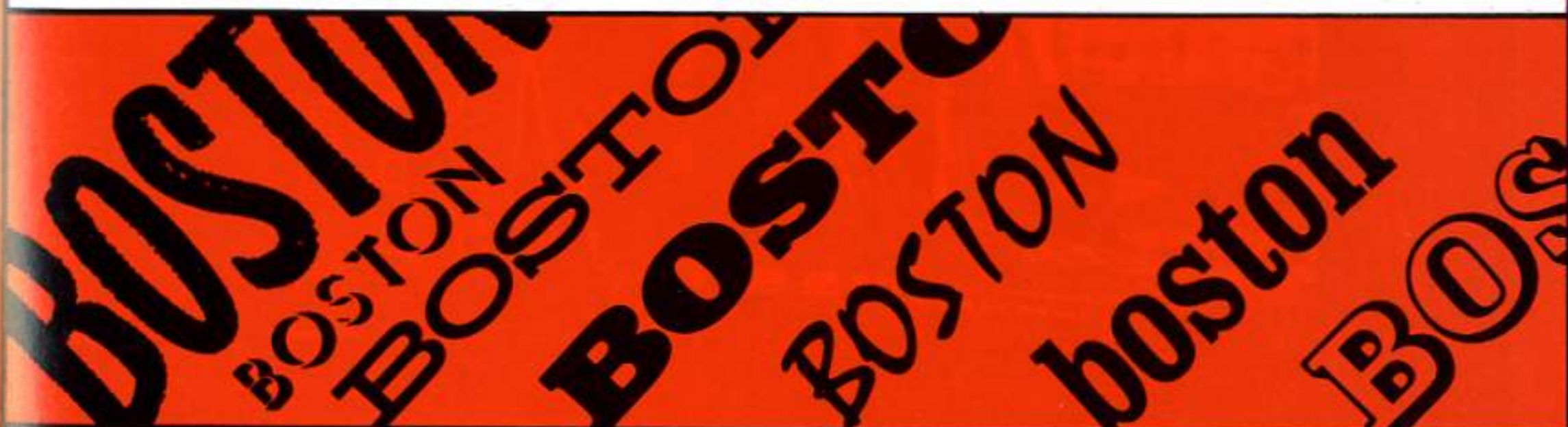
tington Avenue, is an example of acoustic perfection, and offers the opportunity to see the opulence of baroque architecture. The Boston Opera Company, under the direction of the distinguished Sarah Caldwell, is another cultural event not to be missed. There are also many theatre companies here, which feature a wide variety of dramatic experiences, from the traditional to the avant garde, and the theatres on Tremont St. have the distinction of acting as a "proving ground" for countless Broadway-bound plays. The *Real Paper*, the *Boston Phoenix* and Boston's own *Gay Community News* all provide excellent coverage of the city's activities and cultural events, and offer extensive listings of everything that is happening, so you might want to pick up these newspapers before going out. The *Gay Community News*, incidentally, is the nation's only weekly gay publication, and provides excellent coverage of all aspects of the national gay scene.

The waterfront district of Boston has undergone a massive renovation, and many of its abandoned warehouses have been converted into luxury apartments and unique shops, and a walk along Boston Harbor is a great way to spend an afternoon. Some of the harbor islands are now public parks and wildlife sanctuaries, and there are many boatlines that offer harbor cruises.

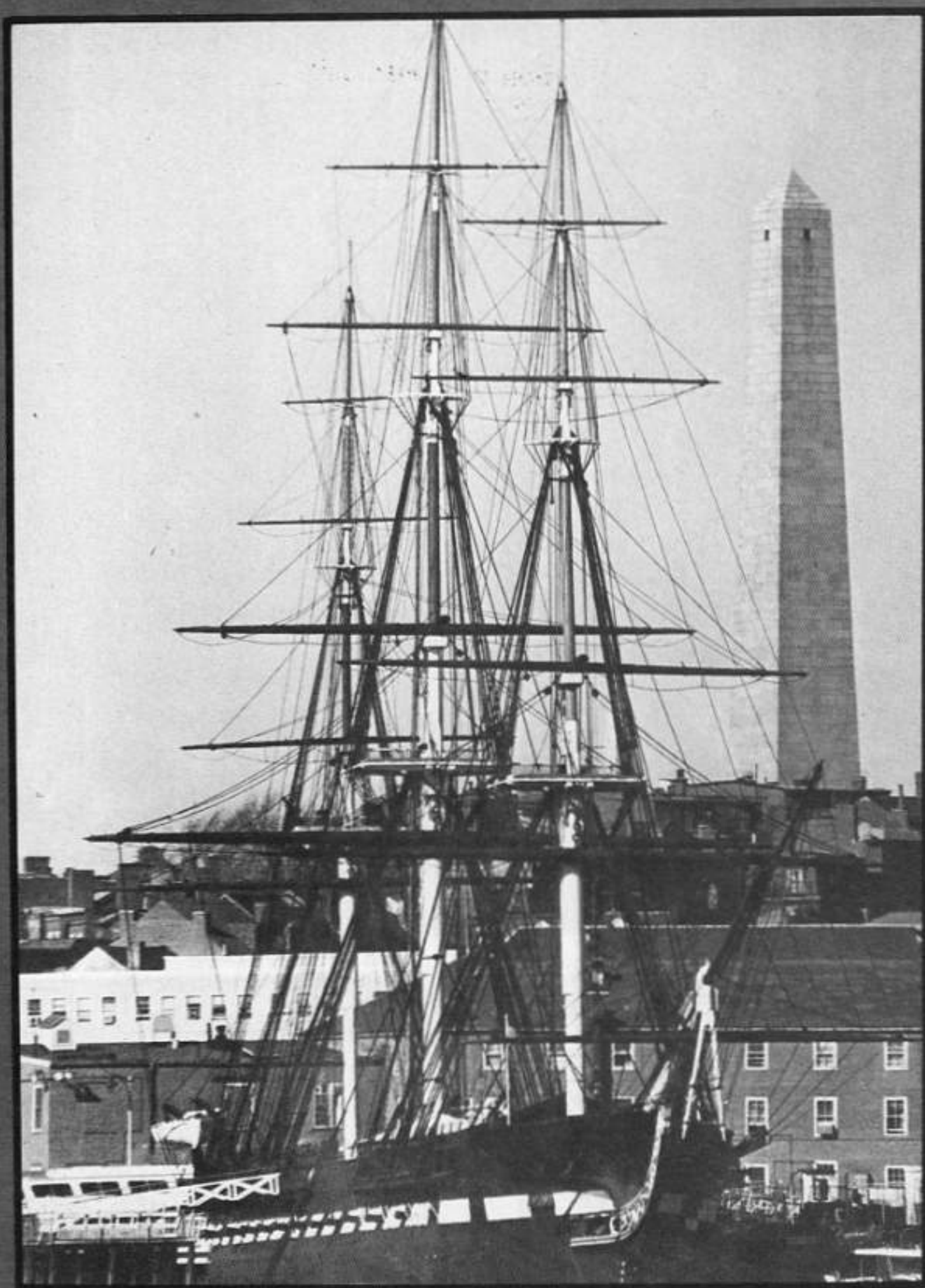
For those interested in architecture, Boston provides the opportunity to see a myriad of styles. Both Commonwealth Avenue and Beacon Street consist of an almost continuous row of restored 19th Century townhouses. The churches, especially those along Boylston Street, are beautiful examples of very elaborate styling, and present a great contrast to the modernity of the Prudential Center and the fountain of Copley Plaza. While on Boylston Street, you can also see the Hancock Tower, Boston's infamous eyesore; a 55-story glass edifice which remained unoccupied for several years after its completion. Since the glass which spans the entire building had a tendency of falling out, there was a time when almost all the windows had been replaced with black plywood. As a result, Boston had the dubious distinction of having the world's only plywood skyscraper. The tower's massive engineering problems have been resolved, but it is still somewhat



Photos courtesy Greater Boston Convention
& Tourist Bureau



By BOB LaRIVIERE





of a joke among the city residents.

The Combat Zone is another of Boston's infamous landmarks. It is a two square block area officially designated as an "adult entertainment district." Boston's blue-noses have been preaching against it for years, yet it has managed to survive. This part of the city features adult theatres, topless nightclubs, massage parlors, adult bookstores and modeling studios, and it, paradoxically, has a certain degree of sleazy charm. The Art Cinema, a partially gay theatre, a gay bar, and the Boston branch of the BC bath chain, also exist amidst these heterosexual delights; you might want to browse through the Combat Zone on your way to the Baths, which is located on LaGrange Street.

Boston has many excellent restaurants of almost every nationality. The Rusty Scupper, in the waterfront district, features some of the best seafood in the city. The Mandarin Yen on Boylston Street is a popular restaurant, and there are a number of excellent Oriental es-

tablishments in the Chinatown area. Hava Nagila, near Sporters, offers a small, but very good, selection of Middle Eastern dishes. Anthony's Pier 4, near South Station, is also a great restaurant, and is housed in an old ship.

Cape Cod is about an hour's drive from Boston, with many lovely towns and beaches along the way. Just north of Boston, coastal towns like Ipswich, Gloucester and Rockport have a wide variety of craft and specialty shops in which to browse. Since many of them are fishing towns, they naturally offer fabulous seafood restaurants.

Two hours north of Boston is the entrance to the White Mountains of New Hampshire. The autumn foliage of the East is legendary, but nowhere is it more spectacular than in northern New Hampshire. A drive along the 35-mile Kancamagus Highway, from Lincoln to Conway, New Hampshire, provides an unparalleled view of the mountains and rivers of the White Mountain

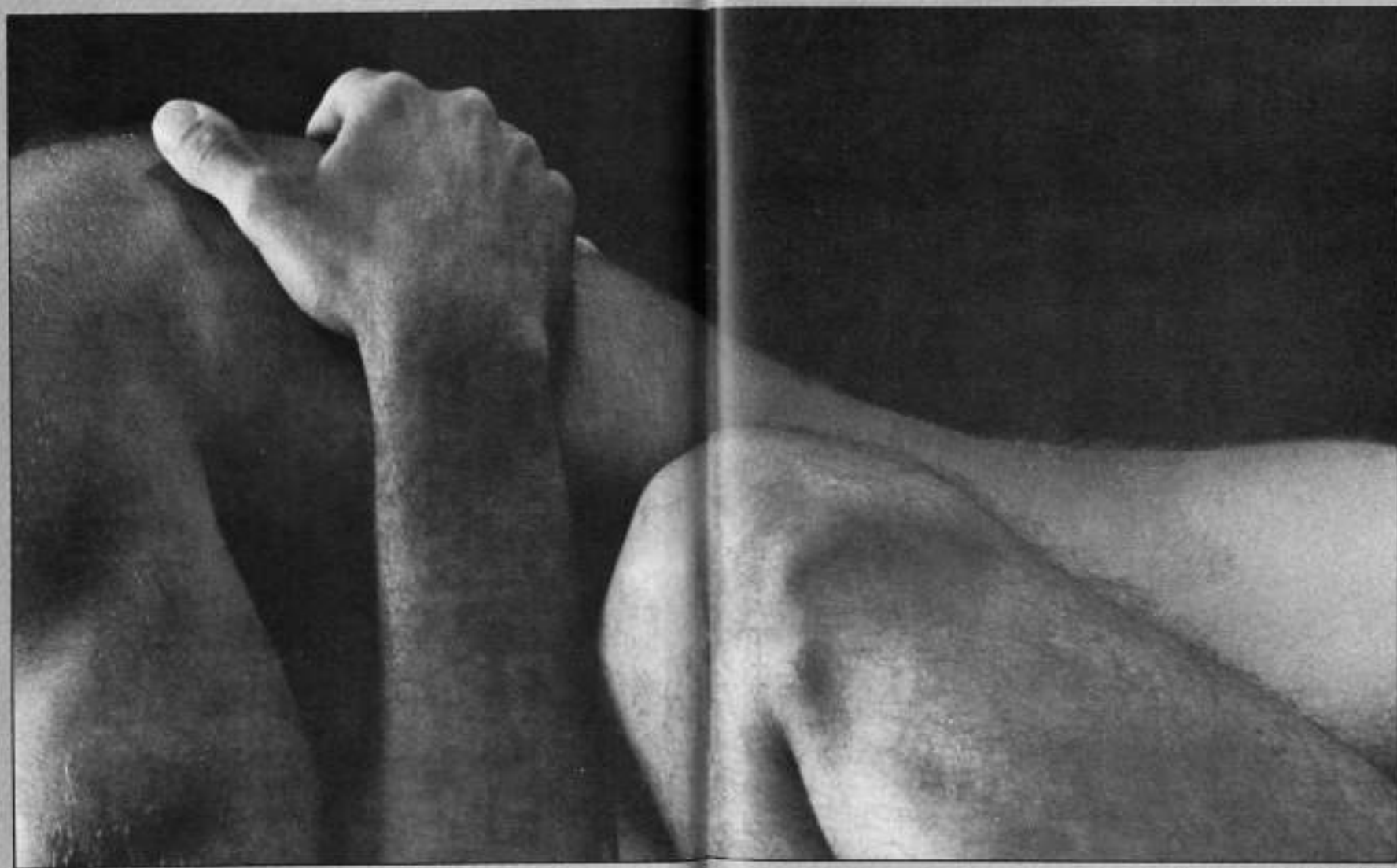
National Forest. If you enjoy skiing, there are many excellent areas in New Hampshire, but Loon Mountain and Waterville Valley are the most popular. Incidentally, if you make it as far as Ashland, New Hampshire, the Common Man on Main Street is a wonderful "no-frills" restaurant that is well worth the long wait to get in.

Boston's uniqueness lies in the diversity of experiences it offers. It has all of the excitement of city living, yet is within driving distance of the mountains, forests and seashores of New England. It possesses an even blending of traditional and contemporary atmosphere, and its very special brand of vibrancy offers enough variety for even the most jaded of tastes. Its wide range of ethnicity, politics, lifestyles and entertainment make it a very pleasurable and unique city.

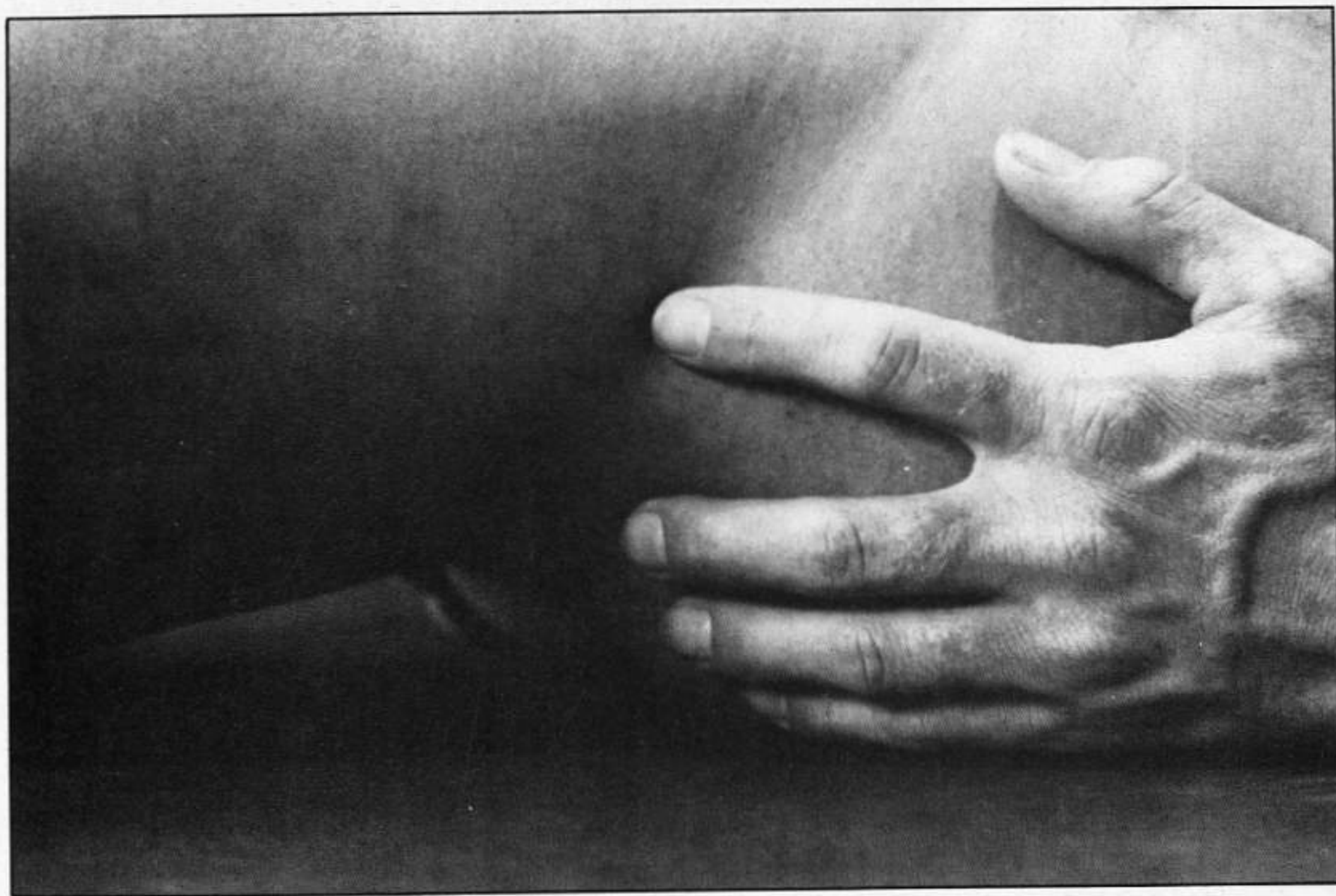
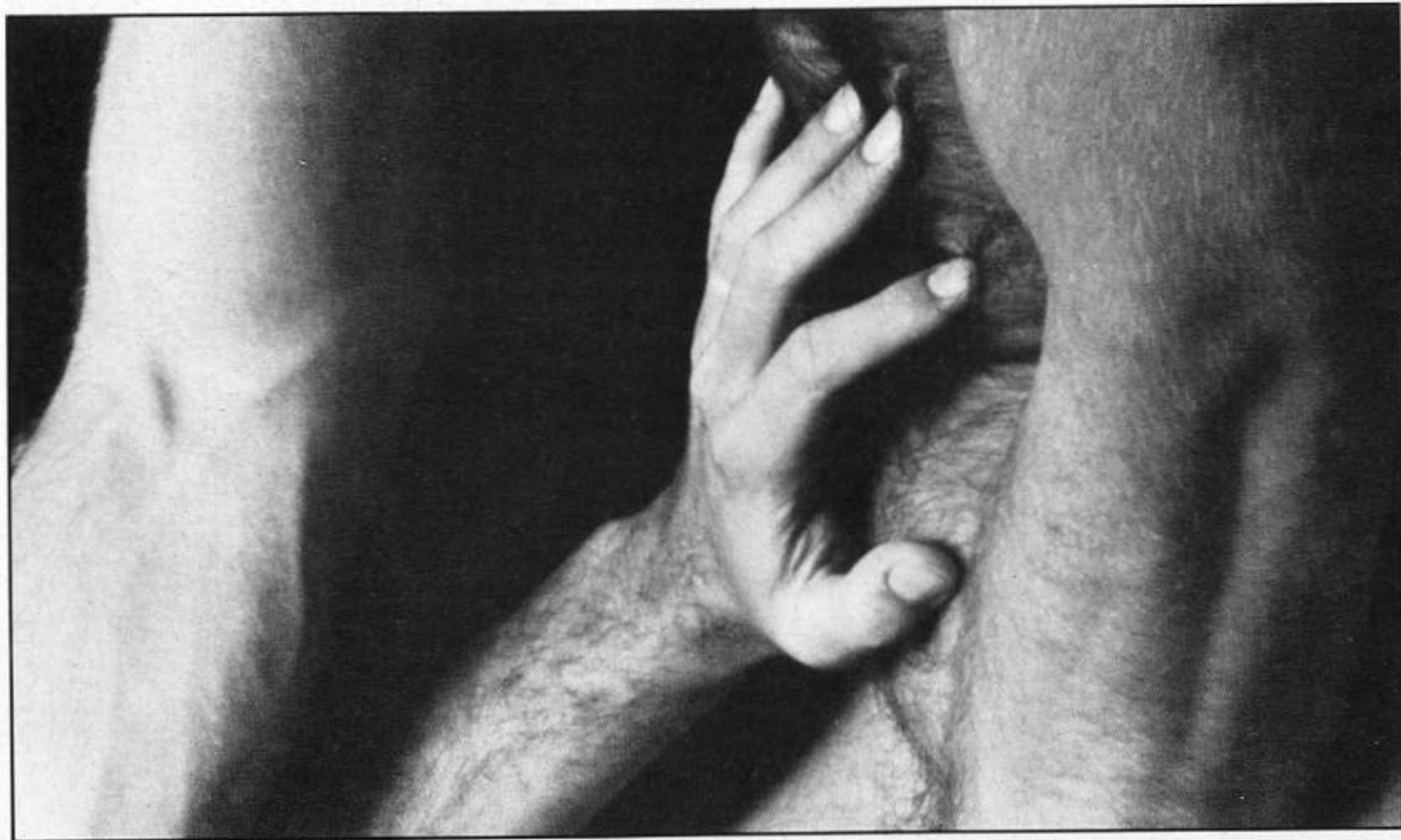
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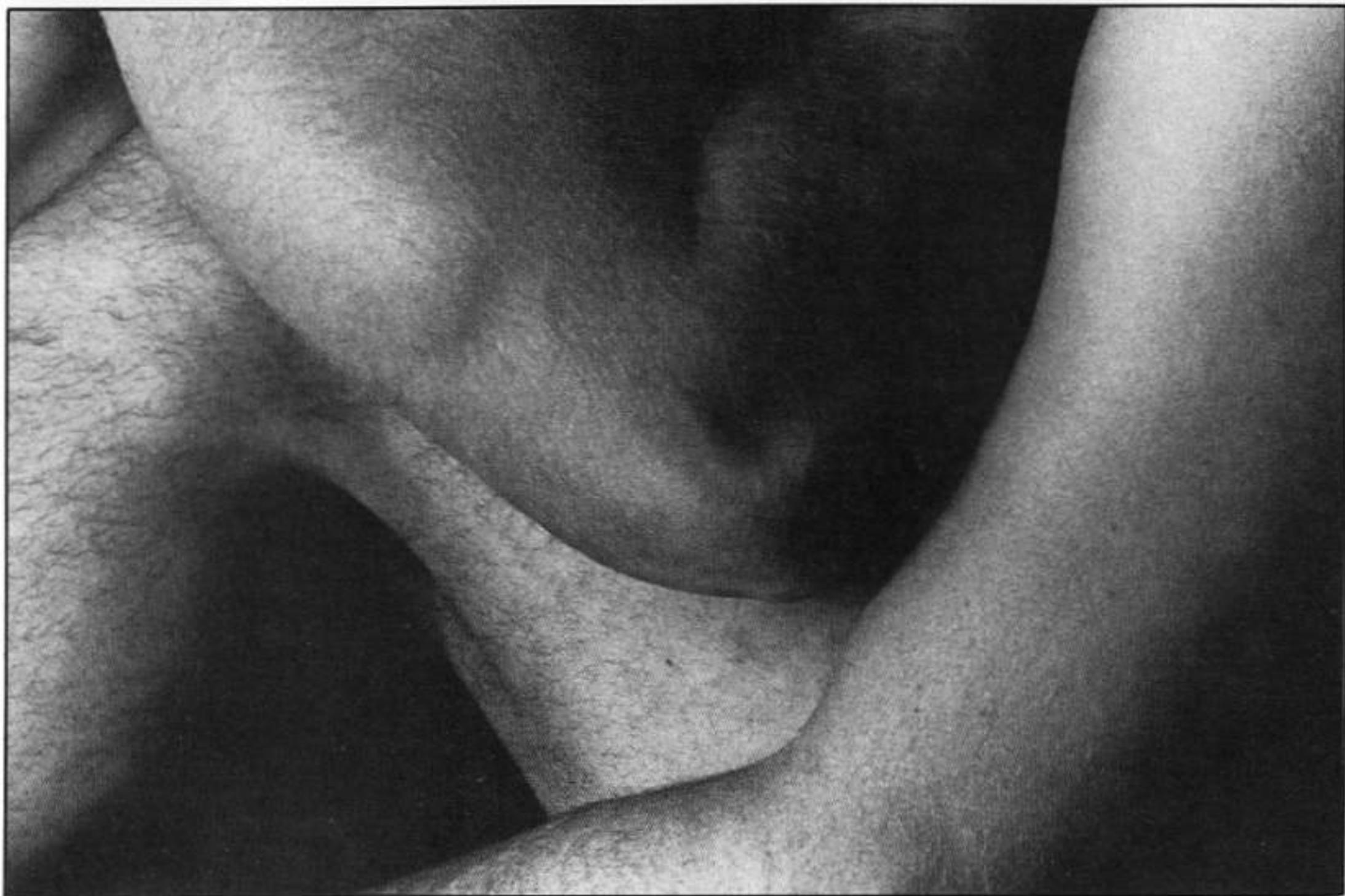
Bob LaRiviere is the Boston correspondent for IN TOUCH.

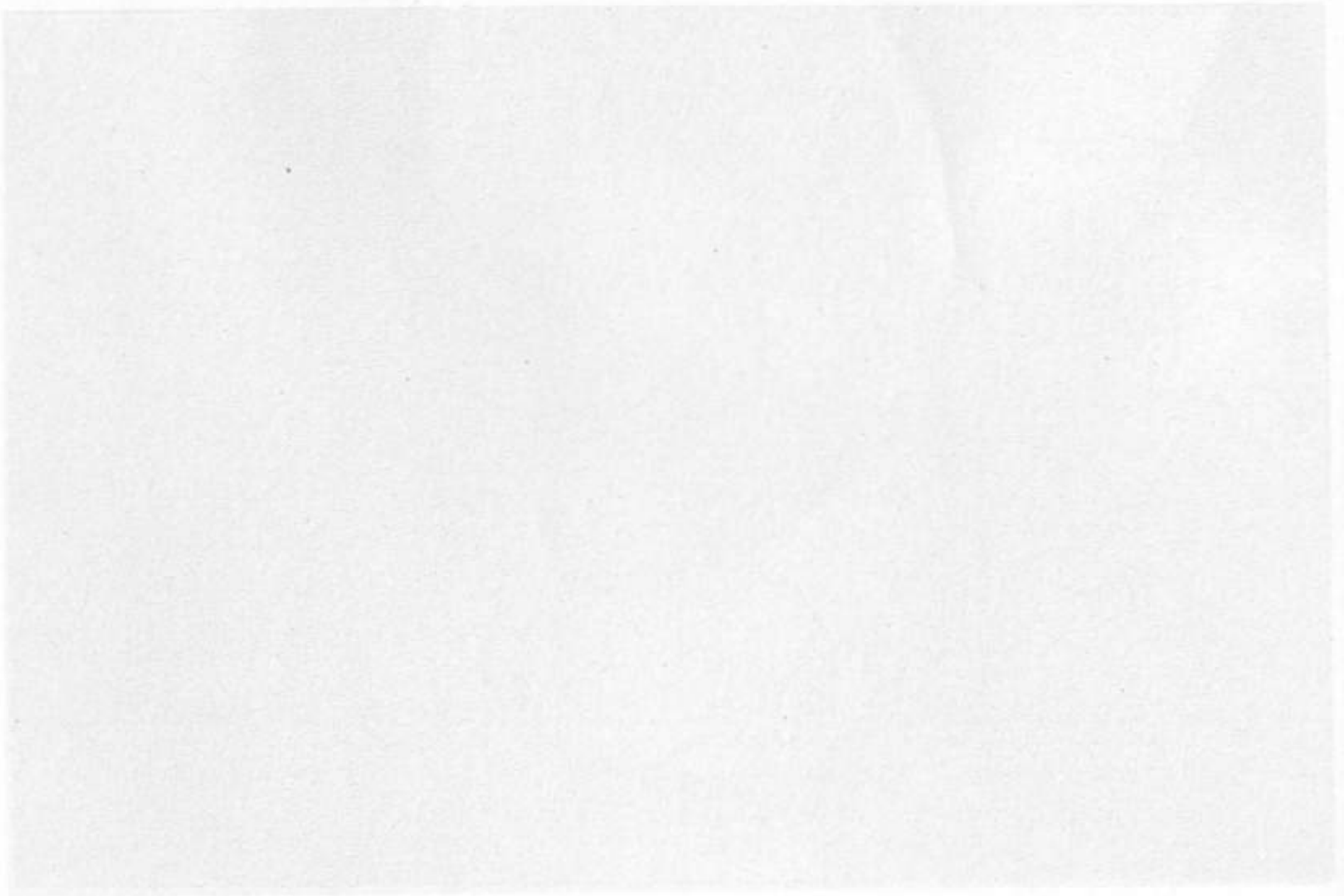
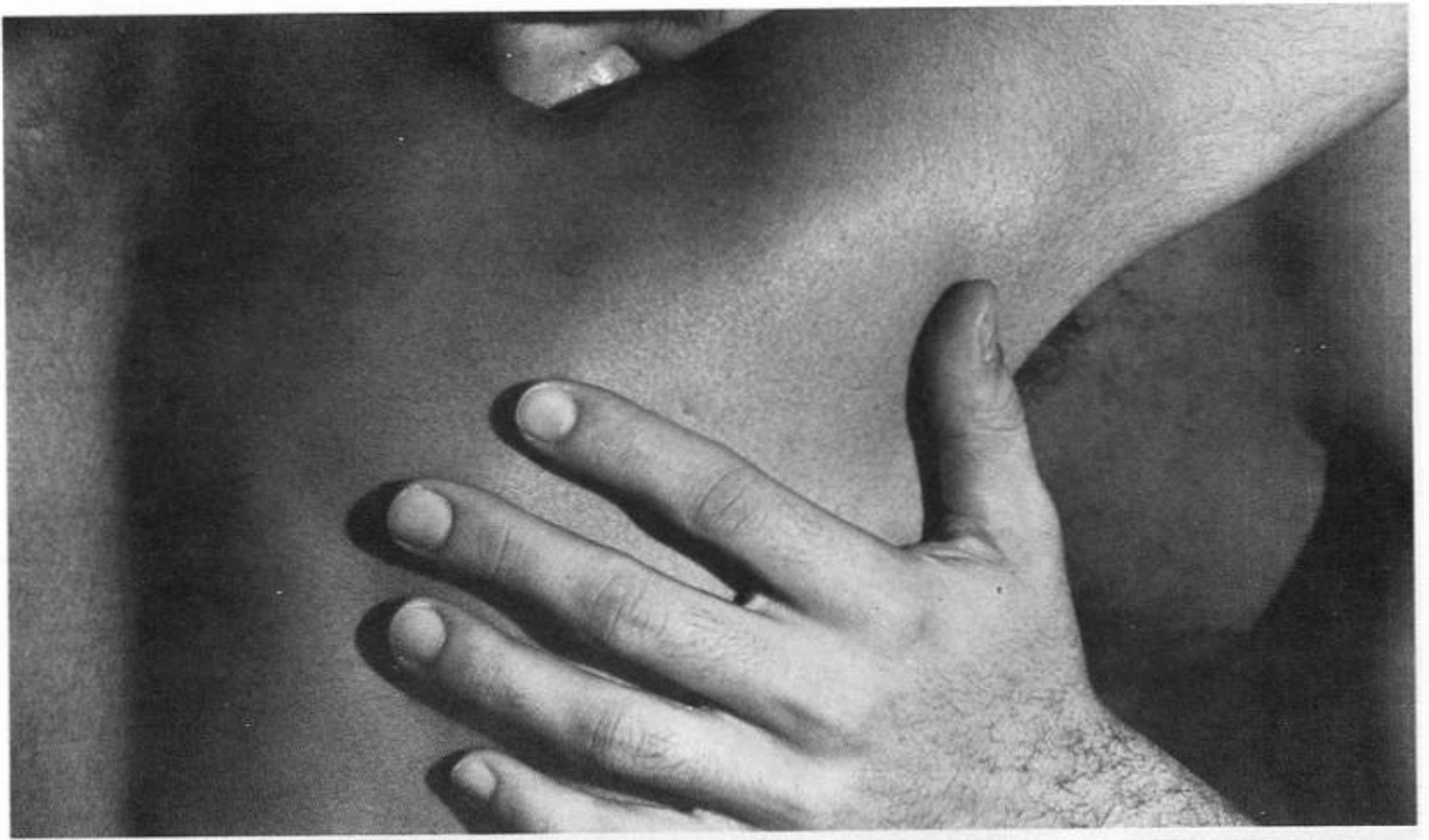
Men Together



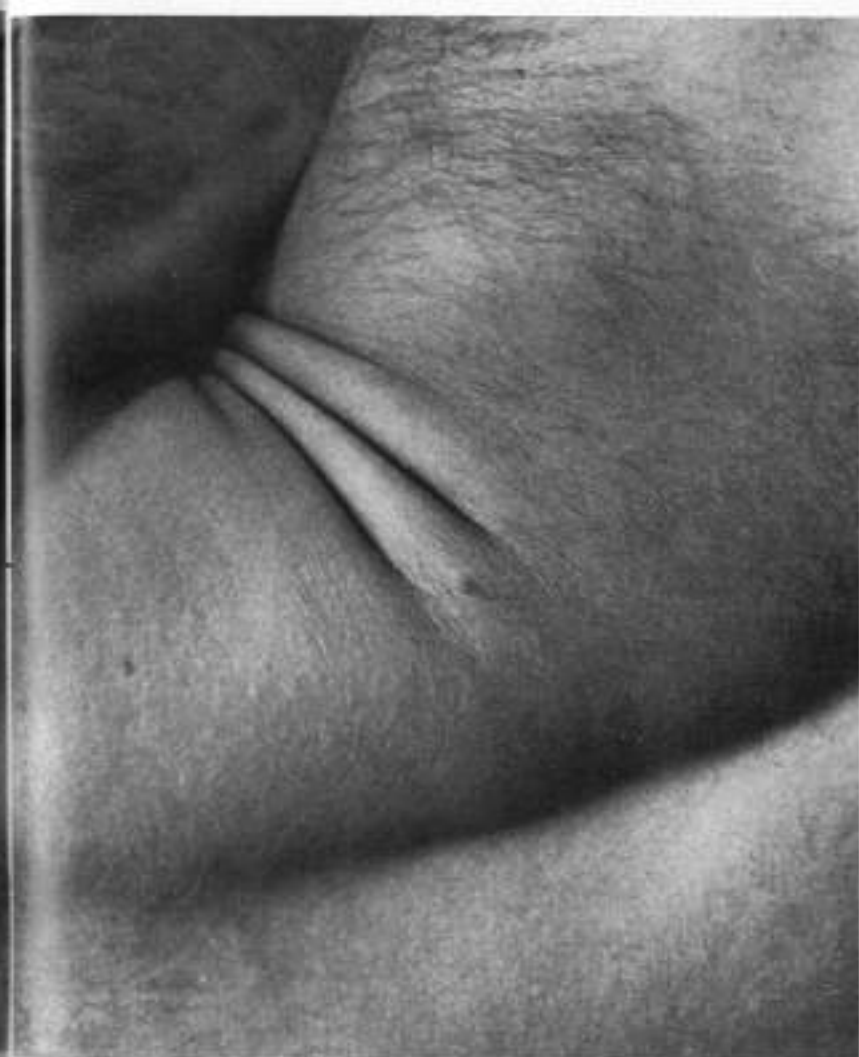
Photography by BOB FINNEY





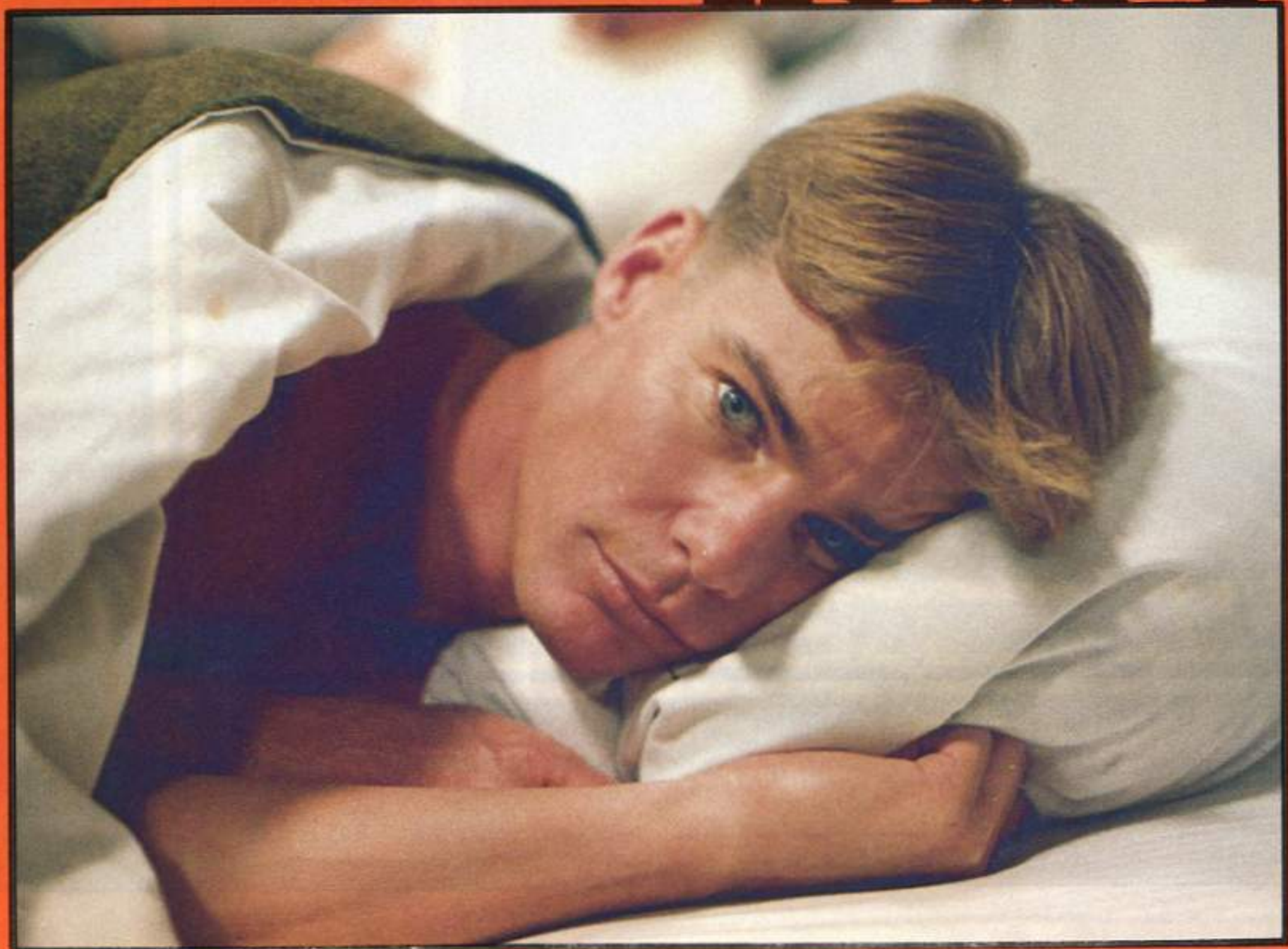






Jan - Michael Vincent

**HOT
HUNKY
HUMPY**



By DENNIS TERRELL

For those of us who agree, who could be more of a turn-on than Jan-Michael Vincent? Staking his claim to the sex-symbol crown recently held by Paul Newman and Robert Redford, he is just about the hottest, hunkiest, humpiest number to come down the cinematic pike in years. One look at those gracefully rippling muscles, that creamy smooth skin, those intense blue eyes and that endearing smile, and who could resist his charms? Judging from his current boxoffice appeal, not many.

There is an animal sexuality about him yet you get the impression that he's as sweet as he is exciting.

Once you meet him, you know the impression is right. He is sweet — unassuming, unpretentious, casually dressed in a way which does nothing to accentuate that incredible body

"I like my men to be smooth, hard and hairless."

Princess Kosmonopolis,
Sweet Bird of Youth

which you know is lurking millimeters below his denim pants and plaid shirt. He instantly becomes even more arousing.

But this gorgeous hunk, this object of many a fantasy, never thought too much of himself while he was growing up in the San Joaquin Valley in California. He was insecure, felt inadequate. "There was a lot of pressure on me to conform, to join the Little League or the Boy Scouts," he says. "I never wanted to be a part of those things. But there was so much importance put on it that one year I did try out for the Little League. I didn't care if I made it, so I didn't. And then I felt like a jerk. I didn't have much self-confidence."

Jan started getting into trouble, setting off bombs in school and running away from home. He settled down in high school and wound up in college as an art major. But he couldn't take the academic straight-jacket, so he took off for Mexico to surf, catching his own seafood, bumming around and refusing to think about what he was going to do with his life.

Once he got back, he went to work in his father's silkscreen studio, then decided to enter the National Guard rather than be drafted into the Army.

While waiting for his Guard duty to begin, he sought ways of making extra money. An ad agency customer of his Dad's, not oblivious to Jan's beautiful face and fabulous build, suggested he could make a bundle doing commercials. He set up an interview for him with Dick Clayton. Clayton told the young man that he handled only actors. Then, knowing a good thing when he saw it, Clayton asked Jan if he had any interest in acting.

Vincent, whose self-image hadn't caught up with his dazzling exterior, mumbled that he didn't have much confidence and was shy and started to leave. Not one to give up something this good that easily, Clayton followed him out the door, saying that he should think about it while in the service and see him when he got out.

Which is just what Jan did. Clayton signed him on immediately and got him a role in a low-budget Mexican western, *Los Bandidos*. Jan had never acted and knew nothing about filmmaking. "It wasn't too bad, though," he remembers. "Half the crew didn't speak English anyway. And I've always been comfortable around horses. So I just said the lines with all the conviction I could muster."

After that, he started to get more and more roles, in movies and on TV. After taking time out to marry his college sweetheart, he made *Going Home* with Robert Mitchum and Brenda Vaccaro. His performance won him a Golden Globe nomination. It was all starting to happen.

Jan's first truly memorable role was in *The World's Greatest Athlete* for Disney. It was a forgettable film,



"Baby Blue Marine," 1976



but who could erase from their memory the image of Jan, dressed in nothing save a loincloth, swinging through trees from a rope while his biceps bulged and his abdominal muscles rippled?

But the best was yet to come. In 1974, he made a low-budget romance called *Buster and Billie* with Joan Goodfellow. The pastoral love story called for a nude swimming scene "Joan agreed to do it," says Jan, "and it would have been a little incongruous if I had on a suit, so I agreed too. I didn't have any reservations about it at all. My reservations came six months later when everybody made such a fuss about it."

And rightly so. It was the first full frontal male nude in a major motion picture, and it was Jan-Michael Vincent. It was almost too good to be true. The sighs were audible throughout the land.

Needless to say, *Buster and Billie* skyrocketed Jan's career and started him on the road to sex-symbol status. His movies since then — *White Line Fever*, *Bite the Bullet*, *Baby Blue Marine*, have gained him new fans. His newest release is *Shadow of the Hawk* and early next year he'll star in a big-budget sci-fi drama *Damnation Alley*.

But the big question, of course, is will he play Billy Sive in Paul Newman's *The Front Runner*? Newman is reportedly interested in having Jan do it, but hasn't gotten in touch with his agent about it. Jan would love to play the part. "I'm anxious to do it, if the script's good," he says. "Hopefully, the movie will break down the stereotype that all homosexuals are drag queens. Everyone has feelings, no matter what their sexuality, and it'll be a challenge to get those feelings across on screen."

Obviously, Jan-Michael Vincent is an intelligent, with-it guy, not just a mass of masculine pulchritude. He's sensitive, a good father to his two-year-old daughter, and highly articulate about human relationships. He's settled down a little bit from his rabble-rousing youth, but he still can have a rip-roaring time at a party, he still loves to surf and drive fast.

The many facets of Jan's personality are what make him the fascinating creature he is. And it's nice to know there's something underneath those eyes, that smile and all those muscles.

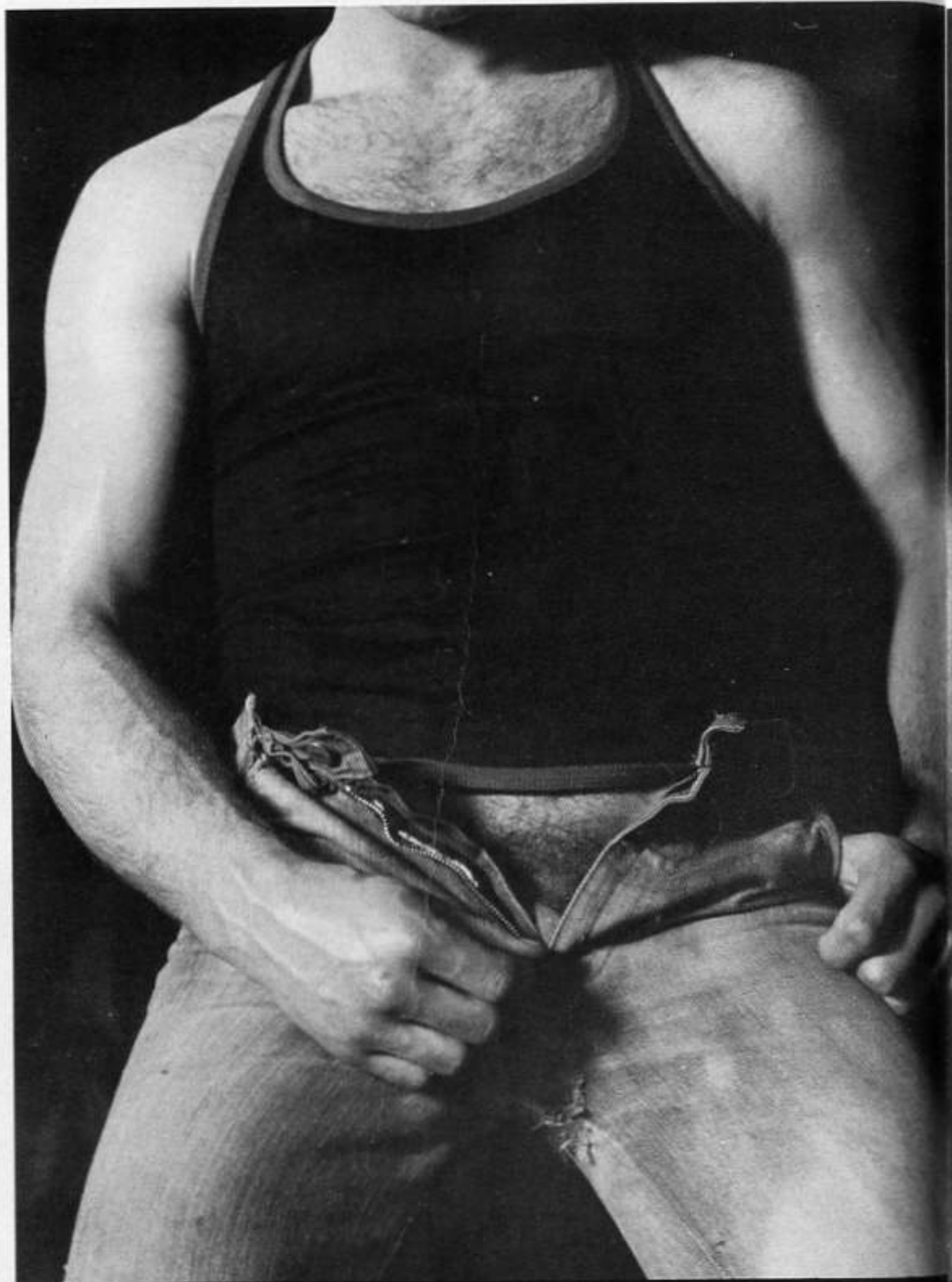


On the set, 1975

I'm not sure, even now, seven years since I turned a trick, how to explain the reactions I've gotten — the awe, the fear, the respect, the loathing — when I talk about it. Hustling. Even the word has an odd force, an unexpected fist in the gut. Hustler. The word conjures up lean, cowboy-eyed kids in denim riding midnight streets past bus stations and movie theaters. By way of American romanticism we've come to believe, Hollywood style, the ketchup but not the blood, the blood but not the knife wound, the wound but not the reasons. Hustlers are becoming as institutionalized into the American consciousness as the whore with the golden heart, the Jewish mother and Horatio Alger. John Rechy, in his books, attempts to talk about the hustling experience, but the medium of literature demands distortion: romanticized, larger than life hustlers, static. To write of my hustling experience, I must fix the subject as though I were under an electron microscope. I can show the subject but not its development, its process. For this I only partially apologize.

I came to New York in the Summer of '66, a not-unattractive, confused and unhappy sixteen-year-old. My reasons for leaving home were as many as the reasons why I should have never come to the city. My parents' constant fighting, my hatred of school and my awareness of being gay all drove me from home. I was unwilling and unable to deal with my sexuality at home. My one or two crushes on local jocks were forever to remain nothing more. I knew that as strange and hostile as the city might be, my chances for survival had to be better. And in the end that was true, though there were times in those two years when I bitterly doubted it.

I spent my first five days in New York looking for work, not knowing then that inevitably there was only one kind of work for sixteen-year-old runaways. I lived on hot dogs and pretzels and lay awake at night listening to hard-on hungry, middle-aged men pace the halls outside of my six dollar a night room. That Sunday I went to Washington Square Park, knowing (hoping) that I would find some welcome there. (High School Joke: Q.—"How do you separate the men from the boys in Greenwich Village?" A.—"With a crowbar.") And so I went to the Village.



TOOLS of the TRADE

By BRIAN ALLEN GOODRICH



As with any major event in your life, you wonder what would have happened if you hadn't known so and so, if you hadn't answered the phone that day, if you had had more money then. In a vague way, I still wonder what would have happened if I hadn't met Joe in the park. Looking back now I can see Joe for what he was, an aging muscleman who only knew a few games, all involving boys or dope, a man who used his fists or his knife when his brain wouldn't work fast enough. I write that kindly, for with the specialness of all first loves he held a magic then, as perhaps now. I was to come to know him as a liar, a cheat, a pusher, a pimp and probably one of the unkindest men to walk the earth, but I also knew him as my lover.

I knew from the moment his eyes locked with mine what his interest in me was. He was the first gay man (other than Allan Ginsberg on TV) that I had ever known. He had the terrible and frightening knowledge that I wanted so badly. And so I went home with him. He taught me sex and love. And if it could have ended there I would have counted myself as lucky. But, as with all lovers, he taught me so much more than love.

My introduction to hustling was through rape, though given the time and the necessity, I would have discovered it on my own. Two of Joe's older friends persuaded Joe with a bit of cash he needed at the time to allow them to rape me — with his help. He held the knife and they had me orally, anally and totally. That's quite a confession to make even now, when many hustlers still hold their masculinity as sacred. Back then you were either butch or dead.

But the rape gave Joe some extra power over me. I knew in a very concrete way that he took care of me and to cross him was not only to go without that care but to expect punishment as well. I became the model hustler for Joe. I wasn't some snotty street kid wearing last week's underwear and I wasn't the well-fed call boy either. Joe got me a room and had a phone installed in his name. The mornings were mine to do with as I pleased (usually a movie or the park) but after two I had to be in to wait for my phone calls. Joe would call and tell me who to expect and how much money they would pay. I never knew how these men contacted Joe or where they came from, but they came in all shapes, sizes and desires.

I want to make it clear! I never felt these men were using me, for in reality I was using their need for love, affection and sex to survive. Just as a parasite chooses a weak spot and drains its nourishment, so I used the men of that city. I saw very little of their money. Most of what they paid me Joe took. I made sure to get the agreed-upon price from the john after Joe beat me when he thought I was holding out on him. I wasn't; the john just refused to pay me.

Nor was that my only job. Joe dealt in dope, heroin mostly. I didn't know the mechanics of how that worked but, I knew he had runners, usually junkies, who delivered the smack and brought back envelopes with money in them. When a runner was sick or nodded out somewhere, I would make the deliveries and pick up the envelopes. In some ways I liked this job better, I got outside, I didn't have to put out and I got paid better. I was paid in cash or occasionally in pills, developing a fondness for codeine that would allow me to sleep when the sun was up. In those two years for some reason I never did develop the knack of sleeping during the day, no matter how tired I was, preferring to sleep between tricks instead.

My life might have gone on like that quite a bit longer than seven or eight months but one day the phone didn't ring. After three days of calling and checking the usual haunts, I got the word from one of his runners that Joe had split town. There were stories of a bad drug deal with the Mafia, that he had been busted or that he was dead. I never saw Joe again and never found out what happened to him, where he was; how he was, whether dead or alive.

Nor did I mourn Joe. Instead I mourned my own losses. I realized that with Joe gone, so were the telephone calls, the convenient johns and the money that paid for my food and addictions. I had no choice but to go into the streets and make my own connections. Working streets I had long known about but never needed. I also came to realize that if Joe in some ways used me, he had also protected me. For in the street I met men who I know Joe would never have let touch me. I met men who, even today with my liberal tolerance, I would have to call massively sick, brutally selfish.

I turned tricks wherever and however I could. I was in competition now and I had to make my price low and my games simple. Some

johns would spend hours playing eye games or driving around the block unable to decide between two kids, hours I didn't have to spend at games, for while he was playing I was trying to earn my living. Since I didn't have a regular room now I had to rely on the johns to find one or on my own inventiveness. Often I would take them to hotels with clerks who knew me and asked no questions, wanting nothing other than a couple of bucks or a fifth. When they wouldn't rent a room, we'd use their car. When they didn't have a car I had to find a place. I had a running battle with the telephone company over who was going to do business in one of their booths. I would smash the overhead light for the little privacy the darkness afforded me and within a few days it would be replaced only to be smashed again.

When I was working for Joe if I had been sick or had the clap, he'd give me a few days off. Now I had to work most every day, sick or well, clap or not. When I met Ella I was burnt out, strung out and saddened beyond any capacity to hope. It was Ella and a few of her "sisters" who gave me some of my health back and taught me to respect myself. Ella was a black drag queen in her late twenties who was totally unconvincing as a woman. Yet, she had a talent for nurturing, an ability to love that anyone would be proud of. With her strong, hard voice ready always to laugh and her warm clear eyes, I trusted her as I trusted no one before.

Hustling still took up a major portion of my night, but I came to know the streets. I came to know what hours were best, where, and I came to understand the johns a bit better. They were mostly men who had too much to lose by admitting their homosexuality either to society or to themselves. Ella, in her defiant declaration of her life-style, was a stark contrast to these men. Even in "pre-liberation" days she spoke of pride and with pride. These men, especially the kind ones who took me to dinner and showed me pictures of their kids, could never understand someone like Ella or pride.

There were many times that I thought of leaving the streets, the friends, the easy money (sometimes), the parties and all the pain that these couldn't dull. But it was Billy who helped me leave, it was Billy who without knowing it made me see I had to leave. He was one of the few

(Please Turn To Page 85)

STILL LOVING LUCY

By CHRIS NICKENS

On November 29, CBS will present a 2-hour tribute in celebration of Lucille Ball's incomparable 25-year television career. Clips from all of the Ball incarnations, from "I Love Lucy" to "Here's Lucy," have been lovingly compiled for a sentimental salute to the most popular TV personality since the inception of the media.

Even now, three years since the end of her last series, she remains active on TV with big-budget specials and occasional guest appearances. She is most endearing to us, of course, for her zany brilliance on "I Love Lucy" an improbable project which became the most successful comedy series in TV history and paved the way for dozens of imitators.

Today, when re-runs of the show can be seen twice daily in most cities, it's difficult to believe that in 1951 sponsors and network brass felt the public wouldn't accept All-American Lucy as housewife to dark super-Latin Desi Arnaz. As usual, the network was mistaken and Lucy and Desi had the last laugh when they sold re-run rights back to CBS for millions.

The Arnazes had faith in their series potential from the beginning. To audition comedy material and audience reaction to them as man and wife, they toured the country prior to the series start in a revue which included many of the skits later used in the Ricardo household. Desi wisely emphasized his Latin talents by crooning "Cuban Pete" while Lucy countered with "Sally Sweet, The Queen of Delancey Street."

Crowds everywhere adored their antics and fell in love with Lucy's fluid comic style. She could toss a sarcasm with the flair of Bankhead or out-dizzy the dizziest of blondes. She was a baggy-pants comic who never forgot she was a lady. Desi's obvious accent and the resulting mispronunciations were mimicked by Lucy, and

audiences ate it up. The time was right for their act to hit the home screen and they took the plunge.

Desi begged, borrowed and cajoled to produce the pilot; they spent long hours selecting the perfect technical help and co-stars. The choices of Vivian Vance and William Frawley were inspired. While Desi took charge of the production chores, Lucy took the reigns as the show's single greatest asset. Desi once sighed, "Lucy is 90 per cent of our success."

The overnight ratings from the first show were incredible and it was obvious America had found new favorites. The following season, millions ignored Eisenhower's inaugural to tune in on the birth of Little Ricky.

Thanks to "I Love Lucy's" popularity, the Ball-Arnaz production company, Desilu, became the most powerful in television. Over a span of eight years it turned out such hits as "Our Miss Brooks," "December Bride," "The Untouchables" and "The Danny Thomas Show." Lucille Ball, who started her Hollywood career as a Goldwyn Girl for \$150 a week in the mid-'30s, sold Desilu for a tidy profit in excess of \$30 million.

Regardless of financial solvency, the Ricardo adventures came to an abrupt end with the Arnaz marriage, which had existed in-name-only for several years. Lucy was then off the tube for over two years while she survived a debilitating Broadway debut in "Wildcat" and enjoyed a whirlwind courtship and marriage to Borscht Belt comedian Gary Morton.

Lucy returned to prime time in 1962 with Vivian Vance and writers Bob Carroll and Madelyn Pugh, the only holdovers from "I Love Lucy."

The new series was aptly titled "The Lucy Show" and presented Lucy and Vivian as a widow and divorcee respectively, sharing misadventures in a small town with their children. Gale Gordon joined on as foil for the girls' shenanigans. While

the plots lacked the style of the earlier series and Arnaz and Frawley's absence was marked, the show was a smash and proved that everyone loved Lucy no matter how banal the scripts or improbable the situations.

It was during this time that Lucy began to rely more on prominent guests as ratings boosters. Andy Griffith, Ann Sothern and Ethel Merman were among those who lent themselves well to the unique blend of farce and slapstick the public had come to expect from Lucy.

Changes were made for the next season. Gary Morton took over as producer, Vance and the children were dropped and the location moved to Los Angeles with Gordon retained as Lucy's employer. Another season brought the addition of children again, this time Lucy's own: Desi Jr. and Lucie Arnaz. Desi left the show shortly after, but Lucie, like Gale Gordon, stuck with Lucy until the end. Again, name guest stars were used frequently, the most noteworthy being Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton, who opened the 1970 season.

Lucy threw in the series towel in 1973 and many felt the decision had been long overdue. Comedy styles had changed, Mary Tyler Moore was enjoying great success with a more honest approach to situation humor, and audiences were tiring of heavy handed slapstick. Then too, the naivete and looniness so charming on Lucy Ricardo was becoming ludicrous and annoying on a woman obviously past 60.

For the past few seasons, Lucille Ball has appeared in specials reflecting her maturity and dramatic abilities. Some have failed, while others have found public and critical favor. Regardless of the inconsistency of her recent output, Lucy remains a living comedy legend and has surely earned her reputation as "The Female Chaplin."

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AUSTRALIA



Photos by Peter Gregory

land of things to do

By MARTIN SMITH

Long considered a cultural desert, Australia is now going through what can only be described as an entertainment boom, with most of the entertainment — films, plays, opera and ballet — being written, directed and acted in by Australians.

Sydney, for instance, has 30 professional theatre companies and is the base for the Australian Opera and the Australian Ballet Company. The world-famous and controversial Sydney Opera House has to be seen to be believed and is among the wonders of the modern world.

Other Australian capital cities like Perth, Melbourne, Brisbane and Adelaide are no less cultural conscious and they too have many theatre companies as well as State ballet and opera companies. If entertainment is your scene, then you'll not only have your desires satisfied, but you'll be seeing top Australian entertainment before it's exported abroad. Plays like Steve J. Spears' "The Elocution of Benjamin Franklin" and Peter Kenna's "Slaughter on St. Teresa's Day" have already aroused the interest of Broadway entrepreneurs and will early next year be staged in New York and in other world capitals.

Sydney has long been considered the gay mecca of South-East Asia and the Kings Cross area of that city is indeed a gay paradise. More gays live in the area than anywhere else in Sydney. The suburb (as cosmopolitan and as colorful as Greenwich or Soho) is free-and-easy and a "must" for every gay (interested in bars, baths and beats) who visits Australia.

North Americans might ask, "Well, why bother going to Australia?" What has it to offer an adventurous would-be traveller who's more than a little footloose and somewhat fancy free? The answer is "plenty." Australia still is one of the last remaining tracts of land on the face of the earth (outside the Gobi Desert) which hasn't been completely torn up by the developers. High-rise holiday flats do not exactly stretch around the continent from Broome to Cooktown, and there's still quite a bit of beaut bush left which isn't signposted.

I could go into the usual commercial travel industry rave about "unique" beauty spots, "picturesque" towns and "breathtaking" views. They do exist after all. But there's not a great deal of sense in doing this because you'll load yourselves up (I'm sure) with brochures from your travel agent before setting off anyway.

Take a little time off to read the brochures and you'll find what you want, whether it's a crowded, strobed and pulsing cellar disco that stomps its way into the dawn, or a vast stretch of surfing beach where you can walk all day and do your own Robinson Crusoe bit when you find another footprint in the virgin sand.

I know that you're all capable of telling the difference between winter and summer, but there are other factors that should be taken into account. The Queensland coast and the northern coast of Western Australia have a cyclone season which runs from December to April. This doesn't mean that these areas are out of bounds during those months. It's only occasionally that a cyclone actually crosses the coastline (less than one per season to be official about it) and you might have to adjust your plans in that case.

The center and the north of Australia are best visited in the cooler dry season, which runs from April to September. Up at the Top End, travelling in the wet (December-March) sometimes can be disastrous, but it also can be beautiful, if you don't move too far. The lush greenery and the brilliant rebirth of growth almost makes up for the sodden conditions. Otherwise Australia is a fairly clear run. In the winter months you are likely to head for places such as the north coast of New South Wales and Queensland. Western Australia always demands your presence in the spring when the water is running and the flowers are blasting out of their cases.

But if you are a real cold weather freak, charge for the NSW-Victoria snowfields or even take in a bit of winter warmth in the near-city hill resorts where they still burn wood fires. Don't disregard the cold weather. Crisp air makes the blood run and the heart grow fonder.

Australia generally doesn't have the climatic extremes of other countries, and any time is a seasonably good time for most places. But some times are better than others. When considering modes of travel it is a good idea to work how much gear





you're going to need for your holiday. Remember the airlines limit their free baggage to one suitcase (plus hand cabin baggage). With the railways, as long as you don't go berserk and delcare an elephant, you can get almost anything on board. In other words you can take much, much more.

The bus companies vary somewhat. For instance, Cobb and Co. (yes, it was founded last century by an American of that name. By the way, you'll be surprised just how much involvement Americans had in this country during its pioneering days. But that's another story.) Greyhound and Pioneer allow you two pieces of luggage. You can take excess baggage on planes and buses, but remember you're going to be charged over and above your flat fare rate. Unless you're going in for some form of specialized recreation, such as scuba diving or skiing, which loads you down a bit anyway, it's a good rough rule of thumb to travel fairly light. That way, you're less at the mercy of others. After all if you've only got one light pack or suitcase you can make it around the cities by public transport.

If you aren't roughing it, one of the most vexing problems in any area can be accommodations. If you're not careful, it can eat away your holiday funds quickly. It depends on your purse. There is something for everyone. The major motel chains offer a variety of accommodations, most of it excellent by any standards. They are also ready to come to worthwhile deals on sharing of rooms. Three or four to a room, say, can work out quite reasonably. Travelodge, Koala, MFA and Flag also have fairly healthy discount deals.

You may find that your best areas of operation are the YMCA-YWCA, the university hostels (at vacation time) or the Youth Hostels Associations. The youth hostels are very good. You've got to be a member of the association, of course, but membership fees aren't exactly hard on the purse. There are about 90 youth hostel establishments scattered throughout Australia, ranging from the convict-built church in Carrington, NSW, to one offering canoeing facilities at Ravenswood in Western Australia, another that was an old railway station at Coolgardie, and at Mount Baw-Baw the youth hostel is a modern ski lodge.

The places are run on the "leave

them as you found them" principle, but you can get accommodation that is clean and comfortable for as little as 60 cents a night and rarely exceeding \$1.



Because of Australia's post-war migration policy, one in four Australian residents was either born outside this country or is the child of such a person, so that we have Little Italy, Little Greece, Little Israel, Little Lebanon, et al, in every capital city with the result that, whatever your food (and other) desire is, you'll find it well catered to in this country. For the gourmet, this country offers a variety of foods and wines second to none and at sensible prices.

So I've told you about our abundant and booming cultural life, our pleasant weather and scenic attractions, our opportunities for good food and wine, and about our transport and accommodation facilities. All of which, I hope, has convinced you Australia is the land of things to do and that you should head down here as quickly as you can, either for a vacation or to settle down for a longer period. In case you don't know, we all speak English here and (regrettably) most TV programs you see on your little screen we see here.

We have a large and well organized gay community (though male homosexual acts are only legal in South Australia . . . and then only for those 17 and over in private) with both gay commercial establishments (bars, baths and discos) and activist groups, mainly on the campuses. Each city has a branch of phone-a-friend, a gay counselling and information service. You can ring them (Sydney, 660-0061; Melbourne, 663-4555; Adelaide, 272-1486; Perth, 22-4433; Brisbane, 221-9373) any evening and they'll give you any information you want, from finding a sympathetic doctor to where the cruising areas are. Remember, you have a friend at the other end of your phone, in every city in Australia. There's no need to be lonely here.

As well as phone-a-friend, there are groups in Australia for gay Catholics (Acceptance), gay Jews (Chutzpah) and gay Christians (Metropolitan Community Church) and each of these groups will make you welcome at their functions. Phone-a-friend will put you in touch with them.

There are too many gay bars, saunas, and other gay establishments in Sydney (let alone Australia) to list here, but I cannot do better than to suggest (if you are coming to Australia) that you get hold of the *Campaign Gay Guide* (obtainable from me for \$10, posted airmail, Box 4, Wentworth Bldg.; Univ. of Sydney, N.S.W., 2006, Australia).

I'm sure that whatever your interest — a gay holiday, surfing, seeing the countryside, skiing, fishing, museums, art galleries, theatres, operas, or just making new friends — you'll find it Down Under.

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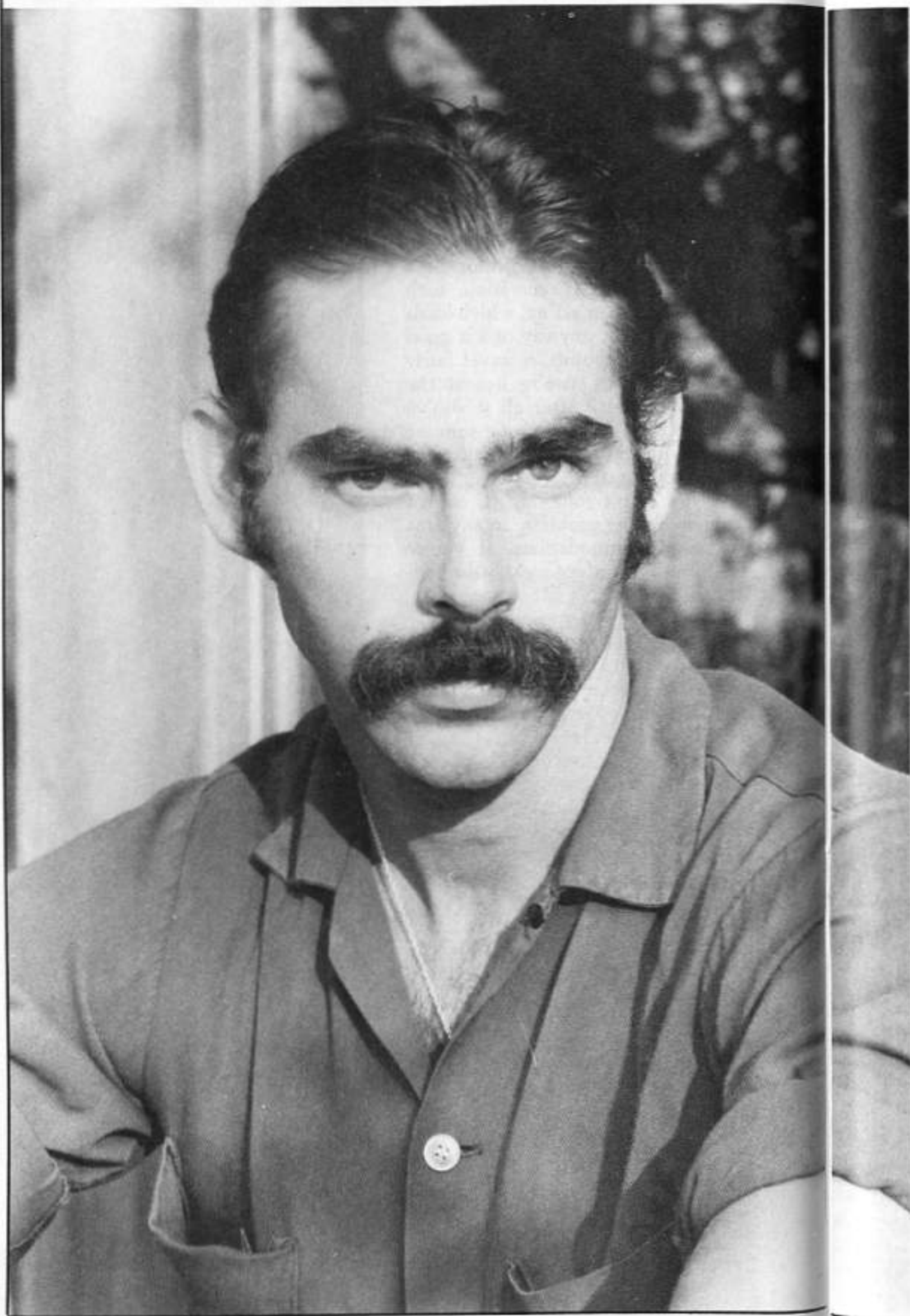
Martin Smith is the Sydney correspondent for IN TOUCH.

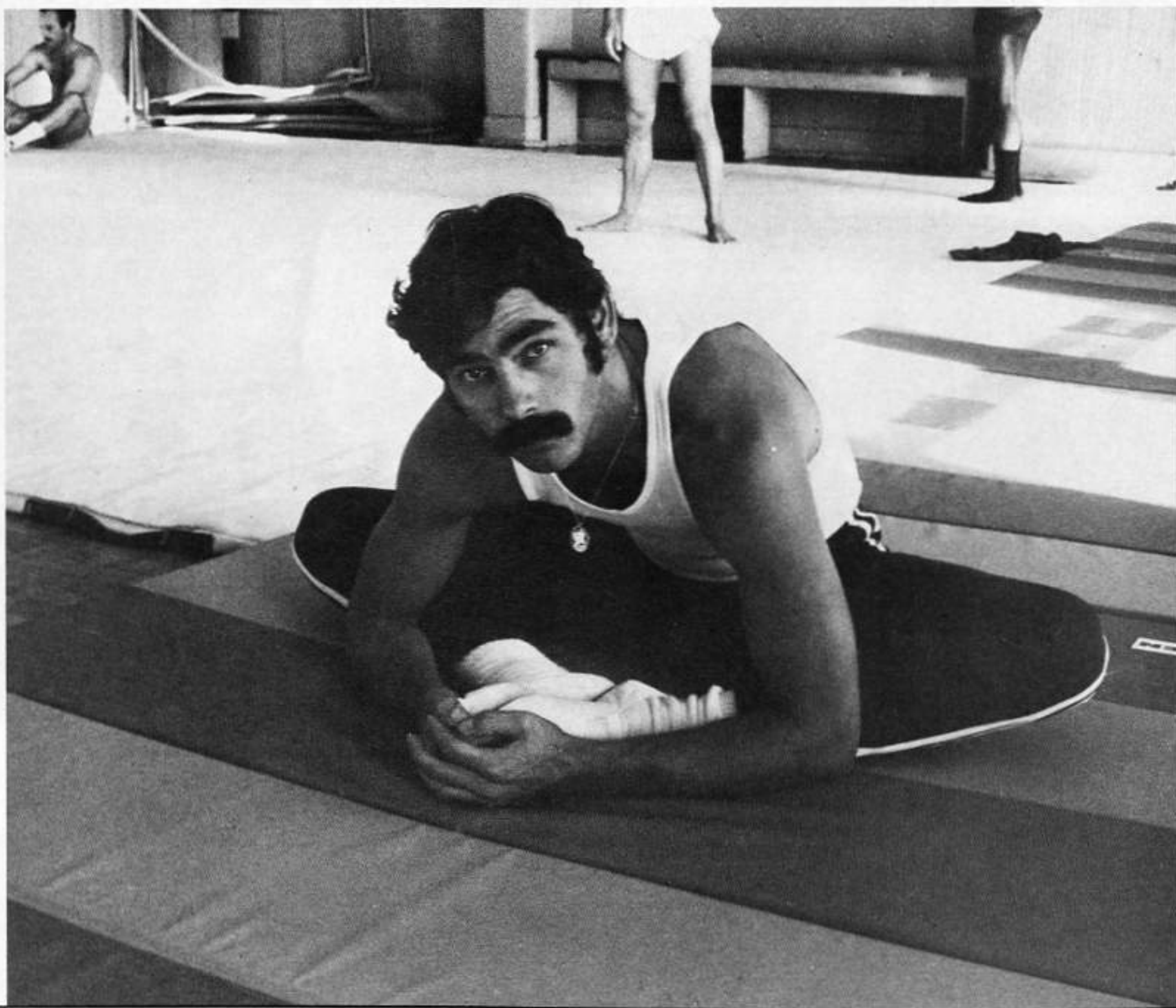
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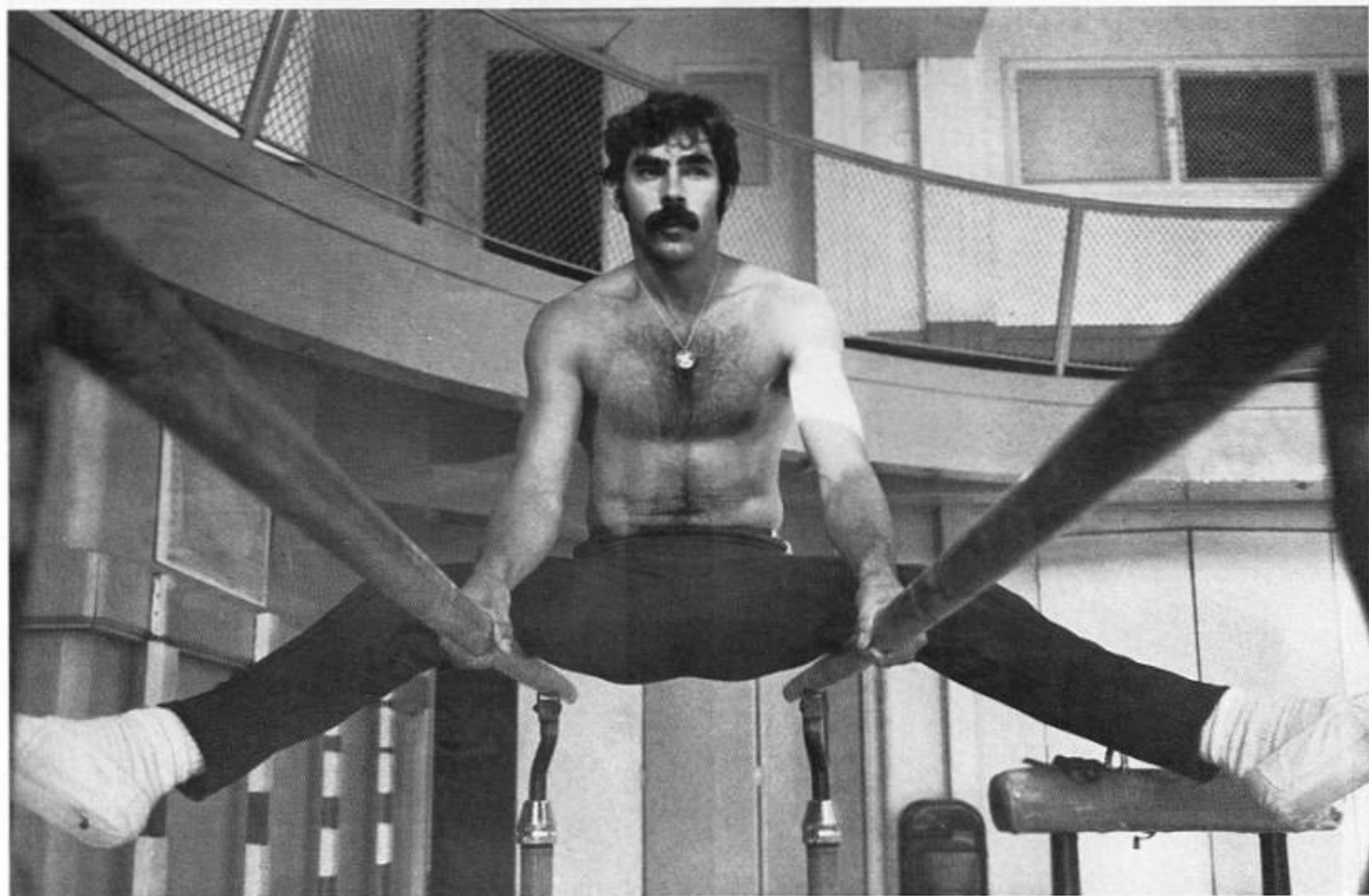
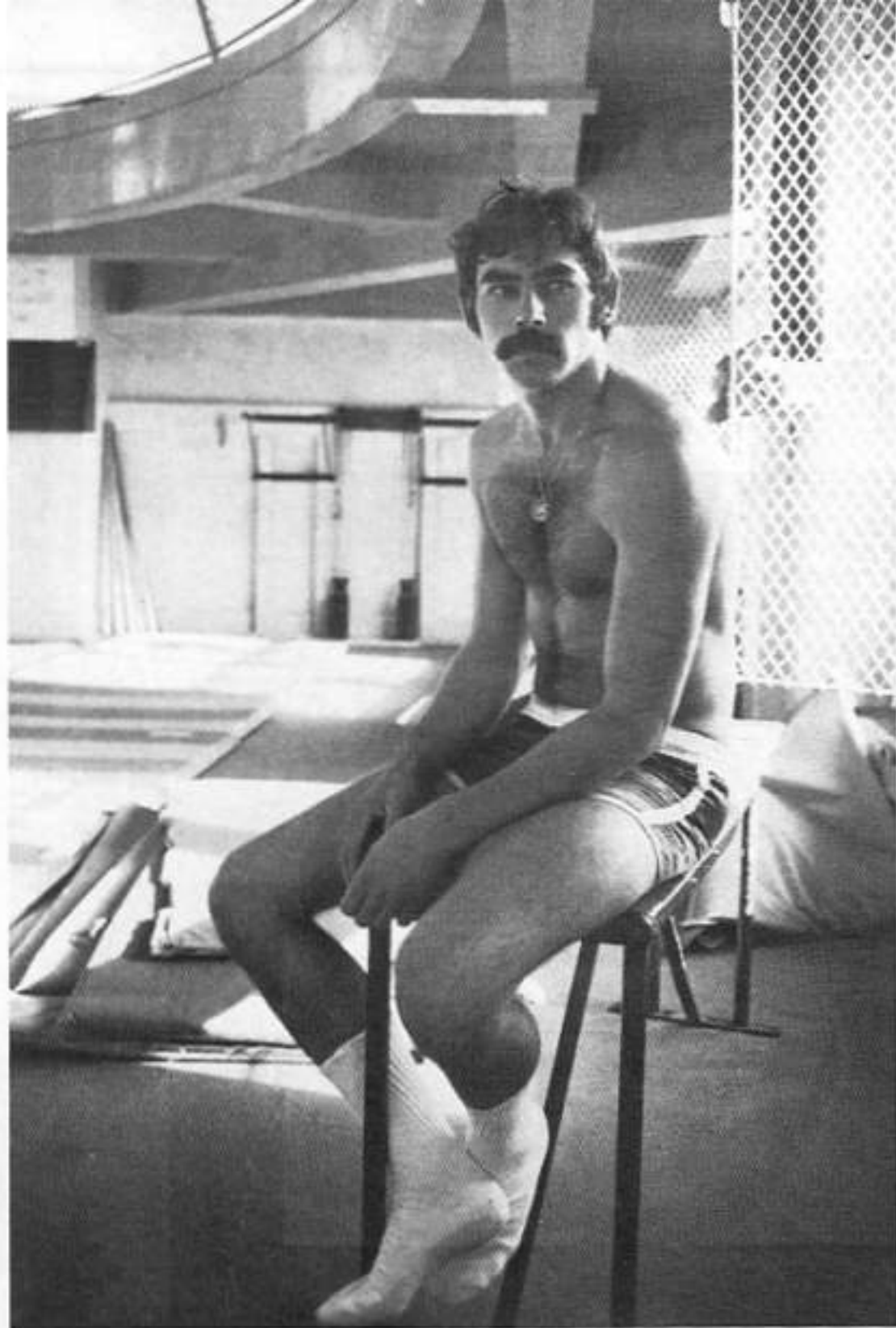
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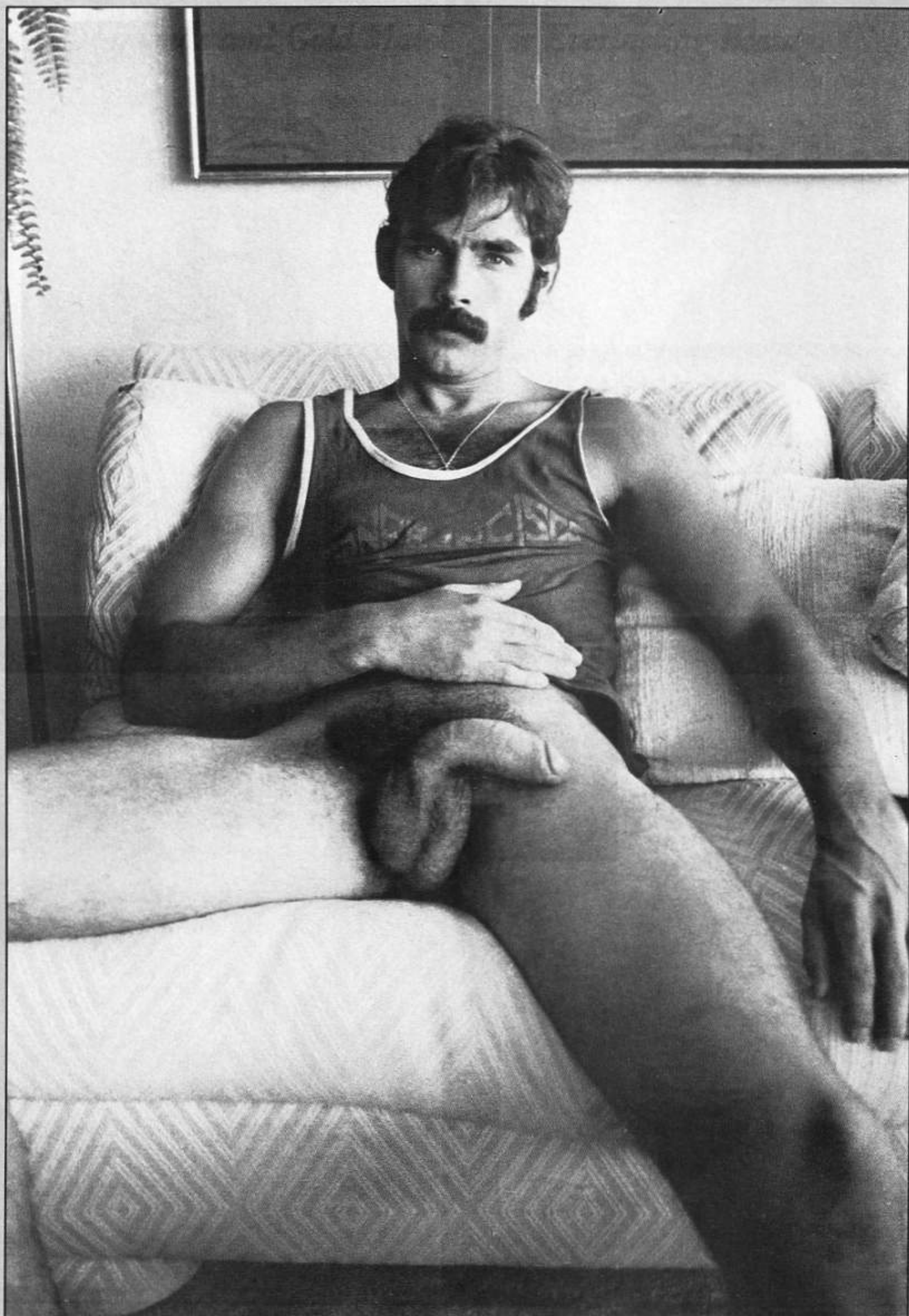
Photography by MICHAEL ROCK

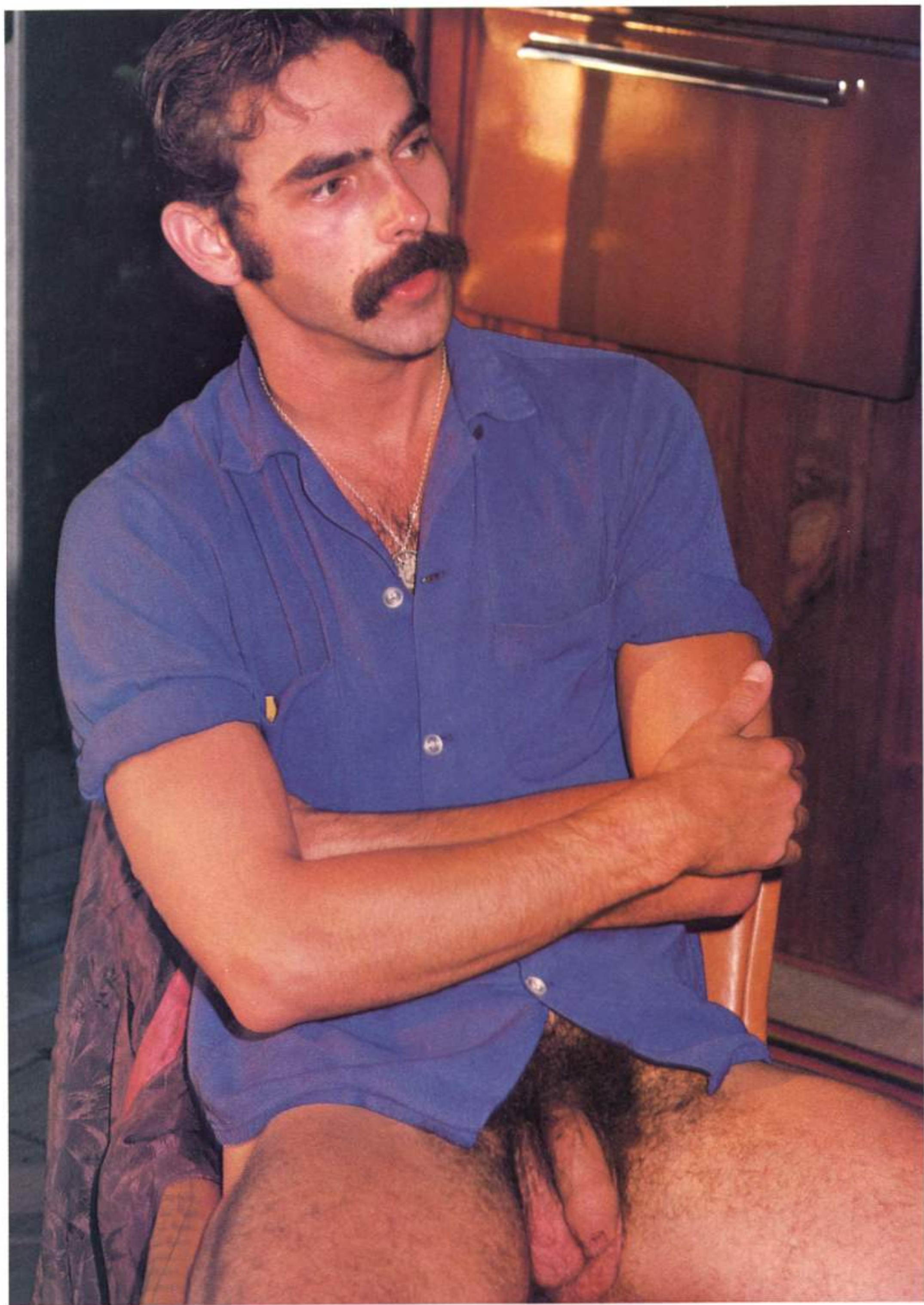
Bruce Barnes. A 24-year-old Californian who never tires of physical activity. Four times a week he's at the YMCA, keeping his 6-foot, 150-pound frame in top shape. And when he's not at the gym or on the job (making photo transfer T-shirts), you can probably find him out at Land's End by the Pacific, on horseback or hangliding. A Taurus, he was born in Jackson, Mississippi, but he now makes San Francisco his home. Except when he's on the go, like this past summer when photographer Michael Rock captured him on New York's Fire Island, amid the pleasures of a vacationland that places no limits on personal freedom.

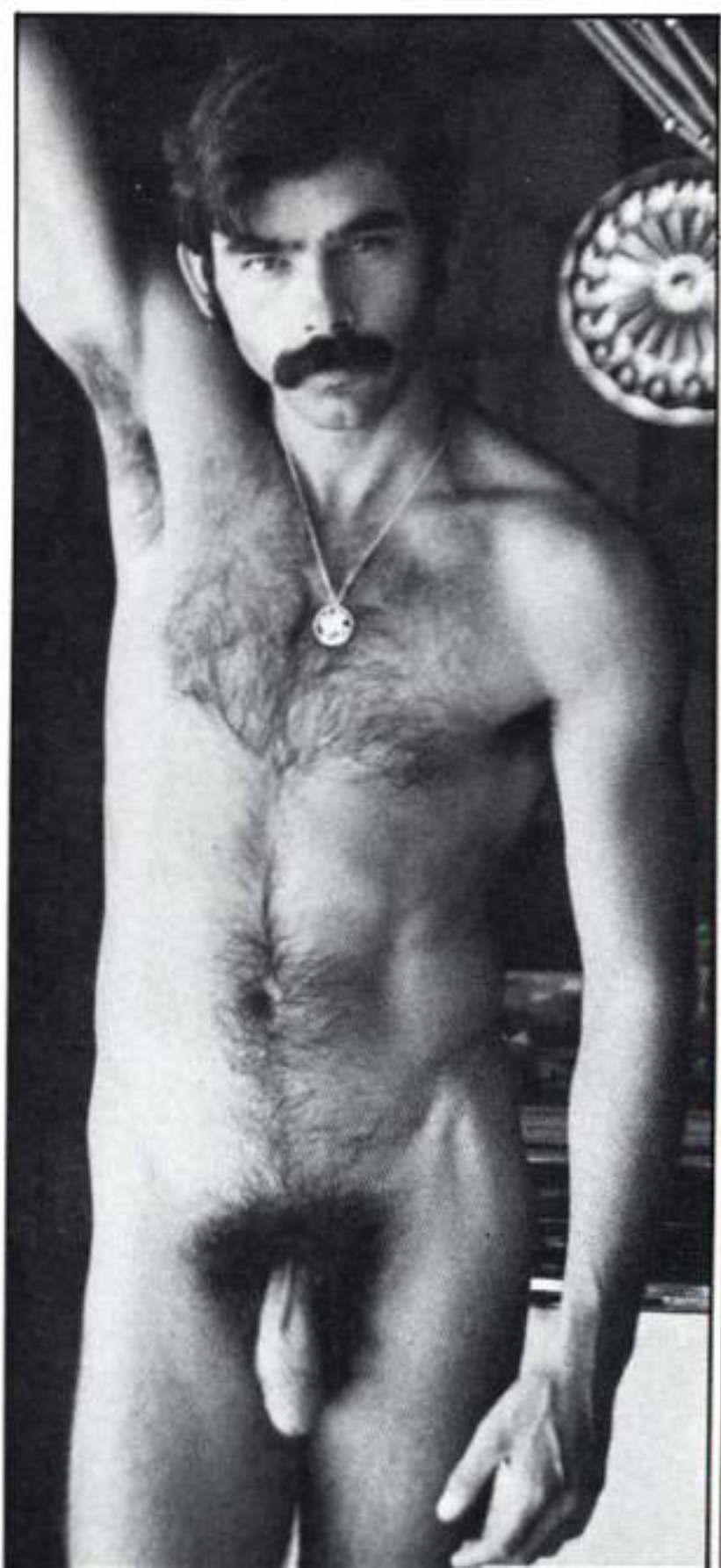














is robert redford an 'm'?

By DEAN RICHARDS

Robert Redford must be a masochist.

What else would explain the fact that for the last 15 years, he's been working hard at a profession he hates?

Redford never wanted to be an actor. When he was a kid growing up in Van Nuys, he was all boy, blond, tow-headed, athletic and "one of the guys." He was a star high school athlete, specializing in baseball, football, swimming and tennis. He and his friends thought actors were "sissies." As he puts it, "We used to sneak into movies and yell things like 'You tell her, lover boy!' at the screen. We decided the only suitable work for a guy in movies was being a stunt man."

He and his best friend, Bill, somehow got in to see the head of a

studio, and claimed they were experienced stuntmen looking for work. The man in charge told them he had no work at the moment, but he'd call as soon as something came up. Bob and Bill were 15 at the time.

That was the last time Redford thought about being in movies. As he got older, though, it was apparent that he wasn't just another knuckle-headed, macho jock like so many of his contemporaries. He loved to read and developed an interest in art. School never interested him ("it was a big zero"), so he spent most of his time furtively sketching his classmates. He did artwork for his school yearbook and decided to major in art in college.

He went to the University of Colorado on a baseball scholarship, but he hated the academic disciplines

and "the empty life of a jock." So he dropped out, drifted across the country and wound up in Europe, studying art. It was there that he reached the low point of his life. His art studies weren't going well, he was drinking heavily, scrounging to get a meal and hitching wherever a ride would take him. Finally, at the point where he decided "I might have gone under in some way," he returned to the U.S. and wound up back in Los Angeles.

There he met the woman who was to become his wife, Lola Van Wagenen. "I needed someone to talk to about what I'd been through in Europe," Redford says, "and Lola was so fresh and responsive that I just talked to her all night, for a long time."



Lola helped Bob get together the pieces of his life, and urged him to continue his art studies at Pratt in New York, despite the fact that it would mean a separation. Once at Pratt, he proposed over the phone and they got married. Lola moved to New York and they set up housekeeping in a run-down flat in the West 80s.

At Pratt, Redford decided it would be financially rewarding to get into stage design. A friend suggested that he study acting at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, to learn about theater and make valuable contacts. He was reluctant. "I was predisposed against the life. I went to the audition not really caring whether I made it or not." His instructors, however, were impressed with Redford's sensitivity and compared him to Spencer Tracy.

It took the would-be actor a long time to loosen up and start getting something out of his instruction. But after about a year, he abandoned his art aspirations and decided to become an actor.

Redford's start as an actor was inauspicious. He was featured in three plays ("The Highest Tree," "Little Moon of Alban," "Sunday in New York"), not one of which lasted more than two weeks on Broadway. He did television work, but found himself being typecast. "At first they were casting me as the all-American boy next door, so I sought out bad-guy roles. Then all they were offering me were the pretty-boy killer parts."

But once Redford got to Hollywood, his troubles really started. His first film, *War Hunt*, was a critical success, but he got into a legal hassle with the film's producers when he tried to get out of a contract which would bind him to three other films at a pittance. The litigation would go on for years. His second film, *Situation Hopeless But Not Serious*, was so bad it was never released.

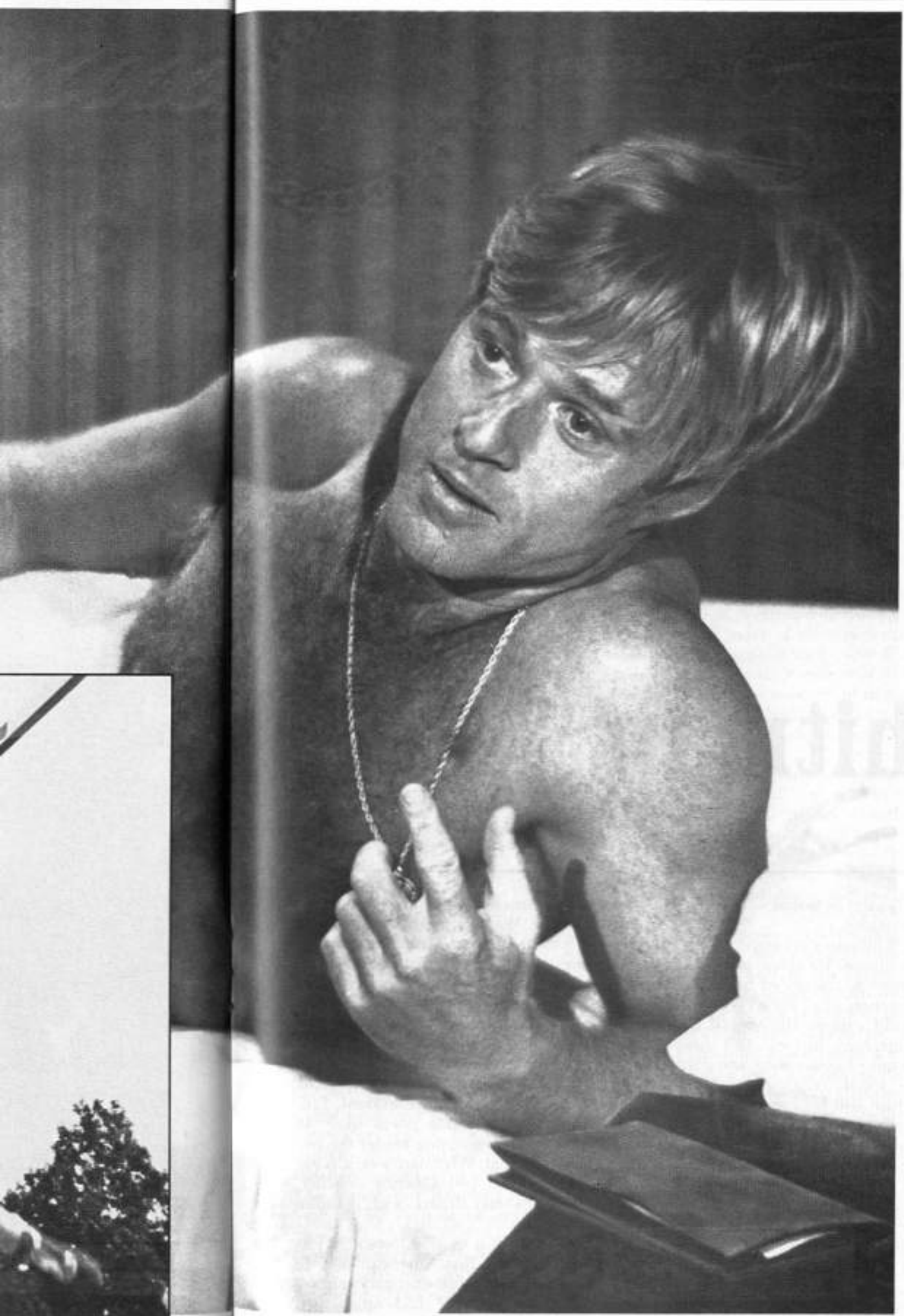
His next two films didn't help make him any more enamored of the acting life. He took the part of movie star Wade Lewis in *Inside Daisy Clover* because he found the character fascinating. "I didn't want to play Lewis as a homosexual, as the script originally had him. I wanted to play him as a guy who bats 10 ways — men, women, children, dogs, cats — anything that salves his ego. Total narcissism." That's how Redford played the role, and Wade Lewis' sexuality was to be left up to the



His first film, "War Hunt"



The Way We Were, 1973



The Sting, 1973

audience's imagination. But after the film had been shot, the producers added a scene which explained explicitly that Lewis was indeed gay. Redford was furious. "It was the principle of the thing. You can't have an actor come in, give an interpretation and then tack something on at the end that changes the whole thing."

The Chase, Redford's next Hollywood opus, was a critical and commercial disaster. At this point, he wasn't at all sure he wanted to continue as an actor. He picked up his family (he and Lola had two children at this point) and took off for Spain. They spent a year there, and then Redford had to come back to fulfill a commitment to make the screen version of his only Broadway success, "Barefoot in the Park." Had he not had that commitment, he might not have returned to acting.

After *Barefoot in the Park* and *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*, Redford's career took off. But then an entirely new set of problems took over. "I never wanted to be a star," says Redford. But now he was one, and as he puts it, "it has created tremendous problems of privacy." He and his family could no longer walk down the street without being accosted. His home was burglarized three times ("they took the meat out of the freezer!") and most of his waking hours seemed spent in either giving or dodging interviews.

Being a "movie star" is a life Redford really doesn't like. He's much rather spend all his time in Utah with his family, amid the pristine wilderness of Sundance. And yet, he works harder than most screen personalities of his stature. His involvement with *All the President's Men* was total, and he was as totally exhausted at its completion. He spoke about nothing other than taking at least a year off to "recharge." Then it was announced that he would journey to Holland to film *A Bridge Too Far*. What makes Redford contradict himself so much. Is it greed? (He's getting \$2 million for two weeks' work on *Bridge Too Far*.) Ego fulfillment? Masochism? Whatever the case, you can bet that Redford will continue to be a force in movies for quite a few years to come.

• • •



Walt Whitman

By ROBERT K. MARTIN

Robert K. Martin teaches at Concordia University in Montreal. He is writing a book on the homosexual imagination in American literature.

*For the one I love most
lay sleeping by me under
the same cover in the cool
night.*

*In the stillness in the
autumn moonbeams his
face was inclined
toward me,*

*And his arm lay lightly
around my breast—and
that night I was happy.*

Walt Whitman would not have found it surprising that he was to become both America's greatest poet and first modern gay poet. He would not have been surprised, for he believed that America had a special opportunity, as a democratic society, to express the

ultimate democracy of the love of comrades.

Whitman's accomplishments were enormous. He alone, in 19th Century America, responded to Ralph Waldo Emerson's call for a Poet, a seer who could express the special genius of American history and break the bonds of convention and conformity — social, religious, and poetic — which still held most Americans. He transformed American poetry by his vision of a new role for the poet—as the great Lover, the beneficent spirit of reconciliation, harmony, and fraternity. He wrote poems for the people, all the people, not merely for the few. And his poems told the truth of human life, love, and death.

The schoolteachers have never known quite what to do with Whitman. No one can possibly pretend to

teach American poetry without including Whitman, but so much of Whitman would raise impossible questions that most teachers, and most anthologies, have preferred to avoid controversy. Whitman's classroom appearances are brief and frequently limited to such atypical works as "O Captain! My Captain!", a very real expression of Whitman's grief at President Lincoln's death, but a poem likely to give the unsuspecting reader the impression that Whitman was a fairly conventional 19th Century versifier, given to melodrama and maudlin sentiment.

The truth is quite different. Whitman was the first American poet to attempt to bridge the gulf our intellectual heritage had established between the soul and the body. For a

The dear love of comrades

good Victorian the soul was the subject, the only subject, of poetry, and the body was — well, the body was not something nice people talked about. An age that covered piano legs for reasons of prudery was ill-prepared for Whitman's proclamation:

*I am the poet of the
Body and I am the poet
of the Soul . . .
I do not press my fingers
across my mouth,
I keep as delicate
around the bowels as
around the head and heart,
Copulation is no more rank
to me than death is.*

Whitman's refusal to accept the notions of propriety and his insistence on our willingness to accept ourselves, from soul to genitals, from mouth to anus, made him a solitary voice, when his *Leaves of Grass* first appeared in 1855. And Whitman did not compromise, but goaded his reluctant readers with his insistent claim that all being was good:

*Divine am I inside and
out, and I make holy
whatever I touch or
am touch'd from,
The scent of these arm-pits
aroma finer than prayer,
This head more than churches,
Bibles, and all the creeds.*

Whitman was hardly reticent. He proclaimed himself as the subject of his great epic poem, the "Song of Myself," as if announcing that he would no longer sing the exploits of Ulysses or Aeneas, but those of the ordinary man. And his epic journey was to become one of self-discovery. The Rome worth founding is the one founded by each of us in our own lives.

Whitman's poetry is based on a vision — a vision of brotherhood and of sharing. And the source of that vision was in the memorable sexual ex-

perience which he recounts in section 5 of "Song of Myself":

*I mind how once we lay
such a transparent summer
morning,
How you settled your head
athwart my hips and gently
turn'd over upon me.
And parted the shirt from
my bosom-bone, and plunged
your tongue to my bare-
stript heart,
And reach'd till you felt my
beard, and reach'd till you
held my feet.*

From this experience and from others like it, Whitman derived his sense of the unity of all experience. For him the special awareness that comes with sexual excitement and particularly at the moment of climax was a sign of our ability to go beyond ourselves, to reach a moment of mystic penetration.

Whitman knew that his own love was "unspeakable," by which he meant what Lord Alfred Douglas meant when he wrote in his poem "The Two Loves" of "the love that dare not speak its name." It was impossible in Whitman's lifetime to define the nature of his love for other men — three years after Whitman's death, Oscar Wilde, who had visited the American poet at his home in Camden, was sentenced to two years at hard labor for his practice of that love, for which there was as yet no name. (The word homosexuality was only coined in 1869, and did not gain acceptance until the 20th Century).

Whitman followed what was then the usual practice of identifying two kinds of love, which Whitman called "amativeness" (or heterosexuality) and "adhesiveness" (or homosexuality). In *Leaves of Grass* he devoted a book to each — 16 poems of "amative" love in the book called "Children of Adam" and 39 poems of "adhesive" love in the book called "Calamus." It may be that Whitman

was himself bisexual. But it is more likely that he included the "Children of Adam" poems for the sake of balance and because he believed that his poem, which was to be the poem of the world, must include all of human experience. (Incidentally, how many heterosexual authors feel a similar need to make their works universal by including homosexual themes?) This is particularly true because we know that one poem, now printed in "The Children of Adam" section, was originally written by Whitman about his experience with a man, not a woman, and later altered.

The "Calamus" poems are a remarkable document of Whitman's beliefs, and one of the fullest statements we have of the life of a homosexual in 19th Century America. In these poems it is clear that Whitman was resolved to proclaim as openly as he dared his love for men. The poems reveal "the secret of my nights and days" and "celebrate the need of comrades." They show the poet, wandering through America, meeting young men, loving them, and then continuing in his exploration of America, an exploration made through the young men of America.

Constantly Whitman explains that it is this love, the "life-long love of comrades" which will "make the continent indissoluble." He writes one of the most moving tributes to New York, a poem entitled "City of Orgies," in which he explains that he is repaid for his poetry not by honors or rewards, but by lovers. The constant kaleidoscope of the large city is captured by Whitman as a pagaent of light, the light of

*frequent and swift flash of
eyes offering me love
Offering response to my own—
these repay me,
Lovers, continual lovers,
only repay me.*

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Exotic Rivers

Photography by CHARLES ADAMS



Alberto Rivers may have been born and raised in Los Angeles, but he's as exotic as his French, Indian and Spanish heritage. His naturally bronzed skin is even more bronzed from a summer spent on California beaches. Leisurely days soaking up sun and hot evenings dancing up a storm in discos where his movements are best described as deliberate and his sense of rhythm precise. Sexually he says he's been exploring. Socially he's experimenting. At 19 he's got lots of time to do both. He loves music, naturally, and the movies, and most recently has fallen in love with photography. He's a good cook with a definite international flair (Chinese food and East Indian curries). He dreams of travelling (especially to Paris and Rome) and of becoming a designer of men's clothing. Alberto Rivers. Exotic and erotic.







SEX IN SPACE

By JEFF WATKINS

Where would you expect to find supermen tying each other up, hugging and slapping ass, excluding women and spending years on end happily together without them? The baths? In heaven? Try science fiction.

The space opera genre is notoriously closeted, but a look at its literary roots shows just how often homosexual crops up. As far back as the adventurous imaginings of Jules Verne (1828-1905), women were carefully written out of the picture. Verne's tales are aggressively masculine and set the tone for science fiction to come by creating the 'buddy-buddy' system. His heroes preferred to pair two -y two, all the better to fight giant squid and tour the world.

Following both Verne's tone, H. G. Wells perfected the buddy-buddy syndrome. In *The Time Machine* (1898) throws two male refugees into enforced co-habitation of a ruin, and Dr. Moreau insists on populating his famous island with one hot lab assistant dude after another.

Given this charged man-to-man situation, it is strange that overt mention hung back 'til as late as 1935 and the appearance of Olaf Stabledon's *Odd John*. Even then, treatment proved brief. It wasn't until the '50s that Theodore Sturgeon took the groundbreaking steps in a short story, *Affair with a Green Monkey* (1955), followed by his *The World Well Lost* (1966). Both treated gays with distant respect. Nothing hot and heavy yet.

Anthony Burgess hinted at male love in *Clockwork Orange* (1965) and made an outright statement against it in *The Wanting Seed* (1962). The brutal black-lipsticked police of that negative utopia might give the leather crowd inspiration.

More positive, *The Dark Light Years* (1964) by Brian Aldiss gave us a unique ghetto on decimated earth called Gay Ghetto, while Thomas

Scortia of *Glass Inferno* fame included a sympathetic gay couple in his *Earthwreck* (1974).

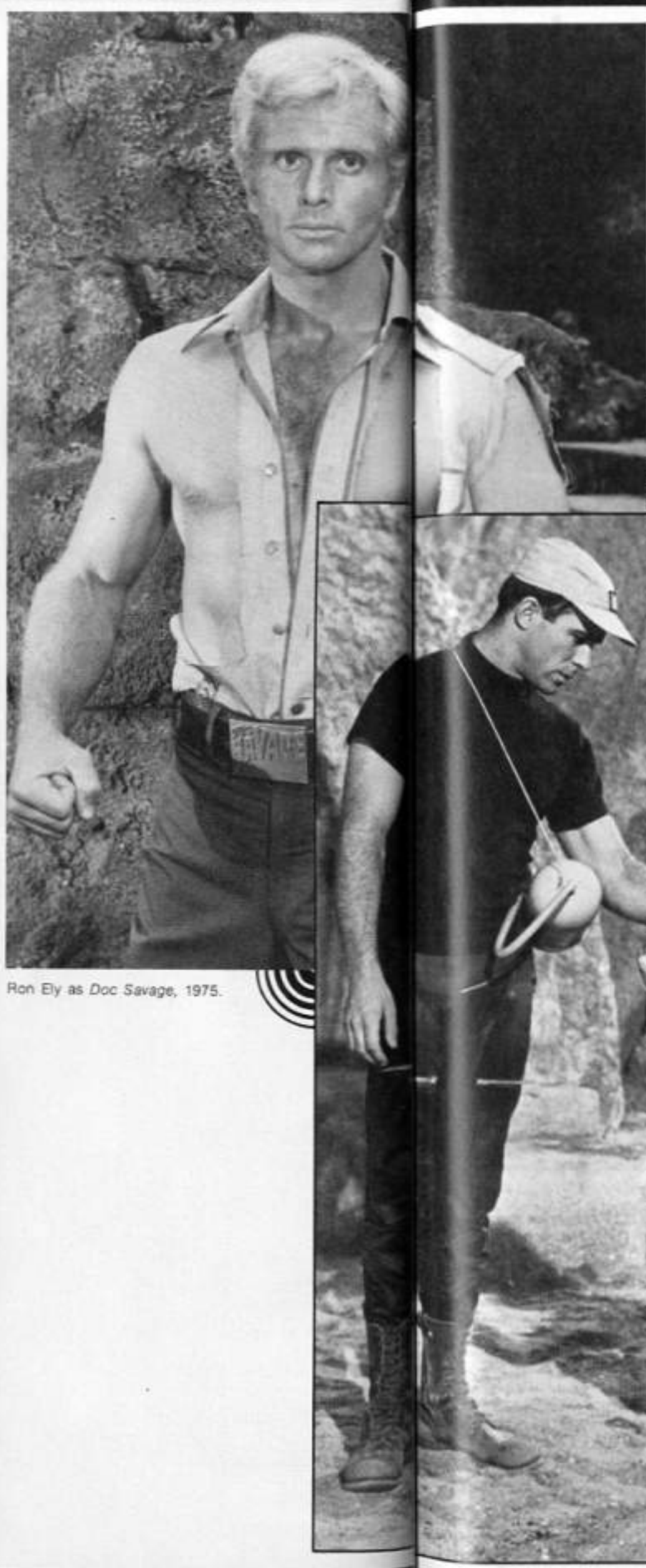
Women science fictioners are as conspicuously absent on the writing end as in the pages. Still, Ursula LeGuin did manage to include a unique race of hermaphrodites in her *Left Hand of Darkness* (1969). These happy creatures enjoy the sex organs of both genders and the choice of which to use when.

Homophobia is no stranger to literary space merchants. Barry Malzberg has included references to homosexual in no less than four of his novels, and none have anything good to say. The famous Robert Heinlein has moved from mild contempt for gays in *Stranger in a Strange Land* (1961) through their portrayal as villains in *I Will Fear No Evil* (1963) to a pose of friendly tolerance as voiced by his *Time Enough For Love* (1972).

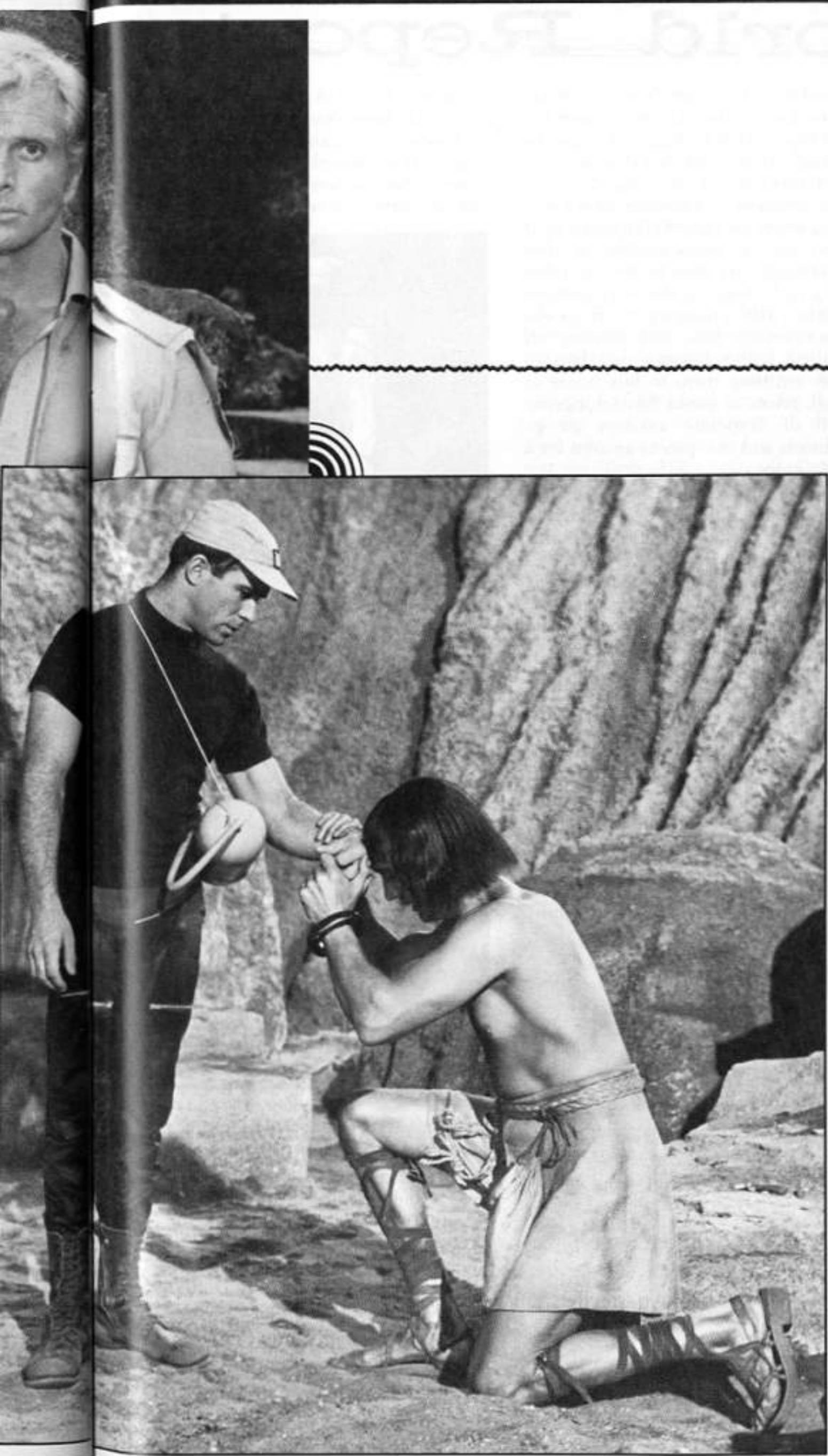
Though given token recognition on the printed page, in science fiction film male love has been veiled and disguised until very recently. Still, film hints more effectively at sex. By staging examples of the buddy-buddy syndrome, film gave it life. What easier way to suggest Freder's friendship with his father's male secretary in *Metropolis* (1926) than by showing them embrace again and again? Raymond Massey may listen politely to his wife's drippy soliloquies, but it is his sleek crew of blonde supermen that are the real *Things To Come* (1936).

When George Pal left the girl behind in *Destination Moon* (1950), and catapulted four lonely men to the moon, he set the tone for years to come. In Howard Hawk's *The Thing* (1951) Robert Cornthwaite allows his scientist an unusual interest in James Arness's 7-foot broad-shouldered alien.

The bare-chested blonde ideal whipped to an S&M frenzy in *Flash Gordon* and *Buck Rogers* ran ram-



Ron Ely as Doc Savage, 1975.



Paul Mantee (left) meets alien friend in *Robinson Crusoe on Mars*, 1964.

pant in the Creature movies made by Jack Arnold. To capture and handle such a monster in the water requires several very butch hunks stripping and swimming together. As usual, the girl is told to bug off. When she doesn't, they sic the Creature on her.

All-male crews in their futuristic uniform drag, make science fiction film great for guy watching. In *Forbidden Planet* (1955), svelt Leslie Nielsen knows more about his crew of "perfect physical specimens" than he does about the girl he eventually romances, and is thrown into a rage of jealousy when she threatens one of "his men" with a kiss. There isn't a girl to be seen in Haskin's *Robinson Crusoe On Mars* (1964), and ex-footballer Paul Mantee has wet dreams about his dead crew mate . . . until providence sends him a muscular alien friend, conveniently mute. And Jules Verne hits celluloid with two or three all-male epics which prove that a sailor is a sailor however spaced-out his boat looks. The chums of *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea* (1955) spend two hours rubbing shoulders in an art deco sub, while James Mason and Kirk Douglas throw each other steamy looks. When Vincent Price captures massive Charles Bronson in *Master of the World* (1961), a question remains as to whether that is how he and his crew generally get their kicks.

But not until the late '60s did Homeros, god of gays, emerge in his true colors. Sterling Hayden sticks out his phallic cigar and cuddles up to Peter Sellers with unmistakable intent, or why else would they call the film *Dr. Strangelove* (1964)? Director Kubrick shows a penchant for the suggestion of gayness in all his films unprecedented by any other filmmaker. He takes Burgess at his word in *Clockwork Orange* (1970) and more, then leaves us breathless with erotic innuendo in *2001* (1968).

Now more than halfway through the '70s, homosex has whittled its place in space opera. Norman Jewison makes it clear in *Rollerball* (1975) that the only person who can make James Caan happy is sizzling John Beck, particularly with his shirt off, which it usually is. George Pal returns with his peculiarly asexual hero, *Doc Savage* (1975) who calls his girl friend "a brick" and looks for all the world like a Colt model.

Logan's Run (1976) tries calling a spade just that in a world where you

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World Reports

london

The energetic Nureyev has finished his season at the London Coliseum, but the festival of dance carries on with the Australian ballet showing everyone what they can do "down under." And the "winter season" moves into London, always considered by the "jet set" to be the only time to visit the capital. At least the visitors of late have had no complaints about the weather; it's been the driest summer since records were kept over 200 years ago. In fact, water is short and soon the Government might coax people to shower together to save it.

Theatres in London tend to "carry on" with the same show for decades. Agatha Christie's "Mousetrap," hitting its 24th year and still packin' 'em in. One of the newest additions to the theatre scene is "Funny Peculiar," a farce about a young grocer, married to a rather dowdy wife, who has never heard of the word "fellatio." Richard Beckinsale, a tall, handsome TV star, plays the lead and flits about the stage wearing only his Brut aftershave. The play is very funny, but Richard's torso is no laughing matter.

At the Institute of Contemporary Art, the Fall season includes "Hot Peaches," a New York group presenting a play called "The Diva of Sheridan Square." It's about a tarnished drag queen, Gypsy Trash, who leaves a comfortable mental home to visit her friends in Sheridan Square only to discover more freaks in the square than in the mental home. Should she go back?

Thames TV is currently shooting a series about two middle-aged queens who live and bitch together in a once-fashionable part of London called "The Crescent." The two actors chosen have made it clear their roles will not ridicule homosexuals. The series is called "The Crezz" (a short form of The Crescent).

Many parts of Europe, including London, have been flooded with illicit copies of the *Spartacus Gay Guide*. Rip-off artists have taken an out-of-date version of the famous guide and reprinted it. If you're unlucky enough to get a copy, make sure you check out the listings very

carefully. *The Gay News*, a twice-monthly London gay newspaper has all the current listings and it can be bought from most newsstands.

Everyone is waiting for the Government to introduce new licensing hours for bars. At the moment, if you want to drink and cruise after midnight, you have to be a member of a club. Some of the more dubious clubs are charging outrageous membership fees and ripping off tourists with temporary membership fees entitling them to buy booze at high prices in smoke-filled dungeons full of desperate amateur go go dancers and old queens anxious for a free grope.

Some guys have it easy, some have it made and others have it handed to them on silken sheets. A multi-millionaire European, 26 years old, tall, blonde and very handsome, is now cruising about Europe in his luxurious yacht filled with the creme de la creme of male beauty. He stops off at well-known ports like Cannes and San Tropez just to stock up his supply of champagne, caviar and to check over the local talent. One newspaper reported that no less than 36 well-endowed, handsome, young studs crowded onto the dock for a chance to swab the deck or climb the rigging and thus expose themselves to some of the world's most beautiful people.

—Roger Asquith

paris

I see red every time I go to the theatre and find gays portrayed as flighty queens. Why is it that playwrights and/or directors, whether gay or straight, insist on making all their homosexual characters screaming faggots — swishing around the stage, gesticulating wildly and delivering their lines in high screeching voices? Just once I should like to see a gay character portrayed as "masculine." Or is there a conspiracy by them to perpetuate the idea (to straight audiences of course) that all gays are indeed "folles"?

Fortunately, we have "d'Homme a Homme" (Man to Man), a series of gay sketches created and directed by Francois Kiener, who directed last

year's "Peau d'Homme" (*IN TOUCH*, Issue No. 21). Kiener has put together a dazzling, erotic offering that's carried out with cool honesty, perception and a refreshing joie de vivre that at times takes the



"Marine"



Thierry Dufour in "Puzzle"

breath away. Although there is plenty of nudity, none of it is in bad taste. Rather, there is a free flow of artistic beauty and rare imagination; and the fact that all four young men in the sketches are good-looking and talented doesn't hurt one bit. There are two Frenchmen, Thierry Dufour and Roland Faure; an Italian, David Pomtremoli; and an American, Joe Marini. "D'Homme a Homme" is a continuation of "Peau d'Homme," if you like, but better executed, more together, and much more sure of itself.

Photo by Daniel Boudinet

Photo by Daniel Boudinet

The opening sketch, "Marine," has all four men in navy garb aboard ship, passing photos of women around as a prelude, one supposes, to masturbation. Joe lies nude, face down in a hammock, with his cock sticking out one of the holes in the hammock. That hammock swings back and forth over the audience — a titillating opening for things to come. Another highlight, "Tilt," has David dressed in black leather à la Marlon Brando, his back to the audience, masturbating to appropriate music until climax, when he turns quickly and shoots his wad (white coloured water, I presume) into the audience. Quite amusing for most of the audience escaping the shower, but perhaps less amusing for those who found themselves unexpectedly wet. (To avoid getting bespattered, sit to the right.)

Another sketch called "Hard Leather" has two boys (David and Joe) looking very tough and "masculine," meeting and groping one another. When they finally get around to dropping their pants, they are surprised to find each other dressed in frilled pantie-hose. "Dove Killers" has two lovers in bed when suddenly two Nazi-like gangsters (police?) rush in to arrest the two youths, but in fact violate them and leave them for dead. "Puzzle" has Thierry coming on stage with a suitcase containing the arms, legs, body and head of a lifelike male doll. It's not until he pulls out the head that you realize it's himself he's infatuated with.

It's pure visual delight, and since there's no speaking (only music) it's superb entertainment for anyone, no matter what language he speaks. It's staged in one of the smallest theatres in Paris (seats 75). These four young men deserve a better home and a larger audience. If you're passing through Paris in the next few months, "d'Homme a Homme" is a must. (Cafe d'Edgar, 58 Boulevard Edgar Quinet, Paris 75014; tickets 35 francs).

—Peter Adams

sydney

The Devil's Playground earlier this year won six firsts in the annual Aus-

tralian Film Industry Awards including Best Film, Direction, Screenplay, Jury Award, Best Actor and Best Cinematography. At Cannes, it was one of only 20 selected from many hundreds for showing at the exclusive "Directors' Fortnight" and was judged one of the four best films — a high honor by world standards.

But all these awards and recognition paled in insignificance when it was released here last month to the general public. It blew their minds. Nothing had prepared them for the honesty and forthrightness of the film, which is concerned with 13-year-old Tom Allen, cut off from every day experience and being trained to take religious vows. For him, growing up is an even more painful experience than usual. Among his teachers is Father Fracine, who preaches self-discipline but fails to practice it; Father Marshall, the friendly counsellor whose hell-fire sermons provokes nightmares; and Brother Victor, a man of the world struggling to be a man of God.

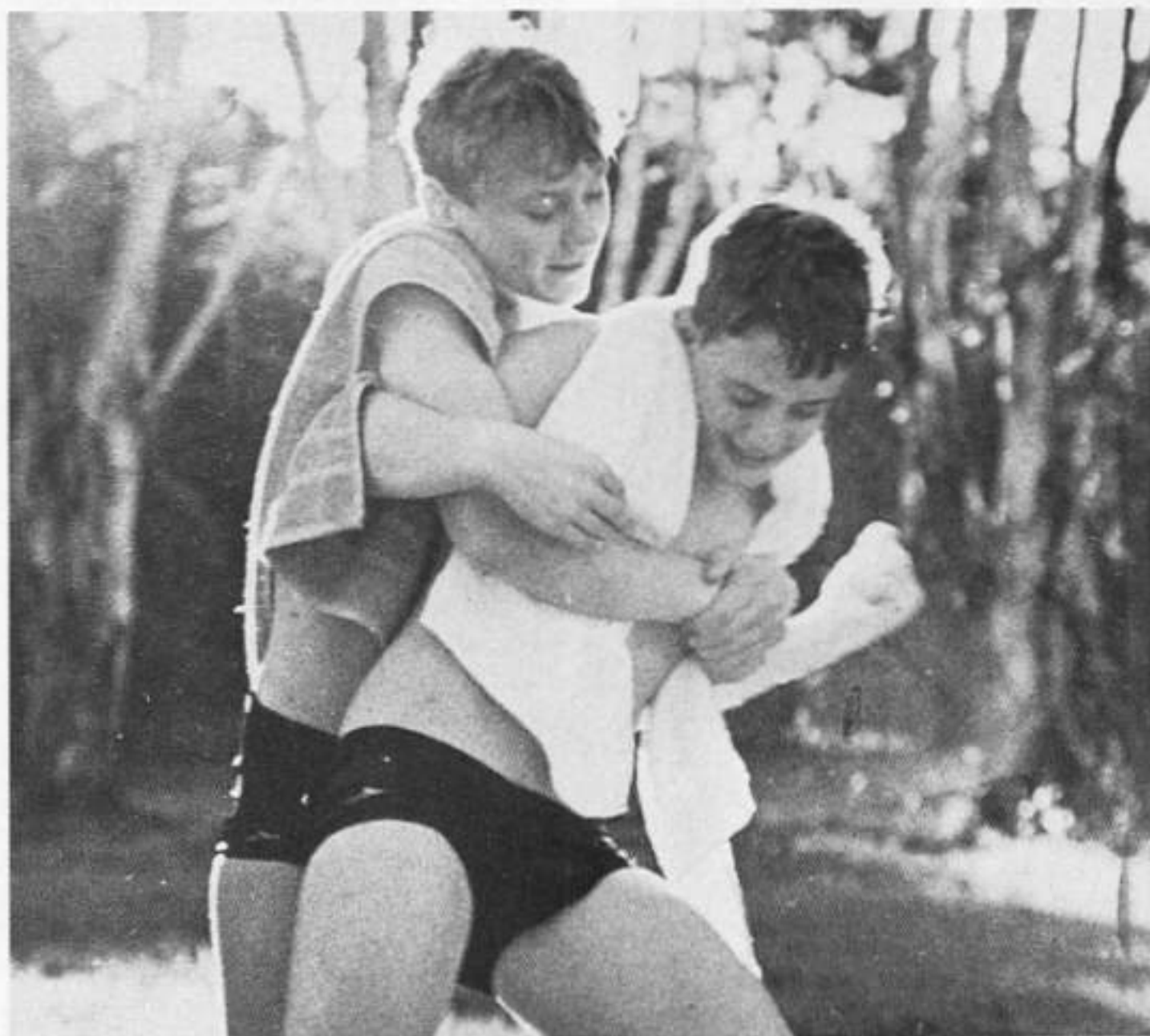
Together they share a disturbing year and people's attitude towards

Catholic (and perhaps all) boarding schools will never be the same. Homosexuality is portrayed in a way never before in an Australian movie.

Australians are also queuing up to buy tickets for the Nimrod Theatre's "The Elocution of Benjamin Franklin," one of the most incredible and disturbing plays ever seen in Sydney. Its author, 23-year-old Steve J. Spears, has told the story of an elocution teacher who, as Spears says, is prepared to try anything sexually to see if it "turns him on." The audience sees the teacher (played brilliantly by Gordon Chater) dress in drag, masturbate, talk about dog-fucking, and other sexual activities hitherto taboo subjects for commercial theatre.

What with "Number 96" and "The Box" (see last issue) showing TV viewers homosexuality as it is, and now "The Devil's Playground" and "The Elocution of Benjamin Franklin," it's doubtful if there's an Australian around who isn't aware gays exist . . . and live next door.

—Martin Smith



"The Devil's Playground"

rising stars

By JEREMY HUGHES



Photo by Ed Thrasher

Ultimately, the warmth is what does it: a genuine, unforced, down-home, quiet warmth. That, plus the extraordinary gift. Those qualities explain why it's been so hard to miss seeing and hearing singer-composer Al Jarreau lately. If you didn't catch him on the Dinah Shore Show, it was on Johnny Carson, or Mike Douglas, or David Frost or Peter Marshall. Perhaps his show-stopping guest appearance on "NBC's Saturday Night?" Or his albums? Club dates? Concerts? One thing's for sure — even if you encounter him but once, you remember him.

For starters, there's the physical presence, 6'2" of solid muscle, heritage of an athletic childhood, the emphasis on basketball and cross country. "To keep in shape," he says, "I still run. I try and eat well, too, tho' it's hard when you spend so much time in the studio. I guess I'll just have to get up a little bit earlier." By the way he laughs, you know, and you know he knows you know, he won't. "Actually," he says, "I think I've done a pretty good job if I can get up by 10:30. You see, I do all my composing late. I can't imagine being actively writing before midnight."

Then there's the dedication. He's a minister's son, and "in a way, I'm doing the same thing, taking up the ministry, only my pulpit is the barroom and the stage; my church is the world. Just about the time I was first talking with Warner Bros. Records last year, a nice little door opened in my mind and I caught a glimpse of some things I had been looking to see for a long time, a spiritual awakening that had started inside me, getting to have some feeling and understanding about who I am and what I am from." He pauses, affirmative dark eyes penetrating. "I could stop singing tomorrow, but just let me continue to grow that way!"

He began singing in church in Milwaukee before he was old enough to go to school. Then came neighborhood street corner vocal groups, and by high school he had gigs with local jazz bands. But he had trouble reconciling this musical muse with an equally burning need to serve. He took a Bachelor's at Ripon College in Psychology, followed, at

the University of Iowa, by a Master's in "Rehabilitation Counseling."

He counseled for almost four years in San Francisco at the California Division of Rehabilitation. "My case load was mainly mixed — mentally retarded, emotionally disturbed clients, physically disabled. For so many people with those kinds of disabling conditions, the main problem is finding work. In that sense you sit right in the center of their world, helping them figure out how they're going to survive."

"But I'll tell you, you're almost saved by the fact that there are such incredible numbers to deal with, you know what I mean?" He uncrosses his long blue-jeaned legs, bell bottoms flapping over wine-dark brogans. "You really don't get the opportunity to get close to those people. But you need to! That was one of the unsatisfying things about it — working with enormous case loads and not getting the chance to do the kind of work that really needed to be done."

"I left because I was finding my way further and further into music, and my 'work' was suffering." Checking the bio from his PR people, you learn he was performing three nights a week in Bay Area clubs with the George Duke piano trio, tentatively developing a singular crypto-jazz style. He admits to being unhappy at the Division of Rehabilitation ("Too much paper work in comparison with the time spent actually counseling"), so, in 1968, he and friend / guitarist "Julio" made the break to Los Angeles.

Unfortunately, the times were not propitious for Jarreau's creative musicality. Haight-Ashbury had begun its disillusionments, and electric rock was rising at a high crest. "What I needed," Al (for "Alwyn") recalls, "was a place where I could get up and do what I do, without having to yell and scream." Dino's, on the Strip, was such a place, and we went there to audition for Paul Wexler one afternoon, "but he wanted a much more, er, flamboyant type of singer, y'know? Someone who would get out and shake customers' hands, runnin' in place, and grinnin' through it all!" His most

(Please Turn To Page 86)

al jarreau

"I'll write my name in wet cement!" Determined to make himself known, dancer James Powers exhibits the drive to make it in the business.

Confident to the verge of cockiness, this free-spirited young man exudes energy sufficient to convey his belief in himself. At 5'6", one is reminded of another James — Cagney, also a cocky bantam rooster in his chorus boy days. The song from *Inside Daisy Clover* haunts the background of his personality: "Look out world, get off my runway . . . you're gonna hear from me!"

His open, frank view of himself is refreshing. While still a young man (he's 26) "Jamey" has been exposed to a variety of experiences: runner on the stock market, flunky in the garment jungle, waiter in the fashionable Bostonian Cafe Budapest, and other gypsy-type sustenance jobs. He got his first exposure (and how!) on stage dancing nude at New York's infamous Anvil Bar — an after-hours club repeatedly raided by police, repeatedly reopened and attended by the in-set, the leather-set, and almost any other set you care to name.

His nights as Golden Boy of The Anvil behind him — he doesn't regret the experience — the attention he now receives delights him. Recognized, approached, and propositioned — an open, friendly manner coupled with an honest sense of his own worth allows him to accept attention without prostituting his values.

A loner for the moment — stifling, competitive relationships have made him aloof — on guard against being abused. As open and frank about his homosexuality as he is about his nudity — "It's a natural state: I was born this way" — he projects happiness and a healthy outlook.

His family in Huntington, Long Island, have accepted his gay lifestyle as well. "I always take my lovers home to meet the folks." But, for the moment, he feels that he needs space. "Give me room to grow, to share, to take whatever's there and use it to my advantage."

Unimpressed with those who are impressed with themselves, independence is an important part of

(Please Turn To Page 80)

Jim Powers



Barry Brown is, to put it mildly, an old horror movie freak. Not the good ones, mind you. Not *The Bride of Frankenstein* or *The Invasion of the Body Snatchers*, but the awful ones like *Teenage Zombies*, *Plan Nine From Outer Space*, *The Attack of the 50-Foot Woman*. I know, because I like them, too. Together, Barry and I have sat through the unexpurgated *I Was A Hippy Vampire*, and except for a couple of our other friends, I know of no one else who can make that claim. Or who would want to!

As an actor, Brown has generally managed to be associated with somewhat more substantial vehicles. In *Halls of Anger*, his first major film role, he was a cowardly, frightened white youngster bussed to an all-black school. As the star of *Bad Company* he was a young man fleeing the Civil War and becoming involved with a band of western-style juvenile delinquents. In *Daisy Miller* he was Cybill Shepherd's moon-struck lover, and he at least managed to maintain his dignity through one of the year's riper turkeys. This fall he may be seen in the large-budget TV movie, "Sister Aimee."

Although he is familiar to the movie-going public through these and other film and TV roles, he is also known to readers of *Famous Monsters*, *Castle of Frankenstein*, and other monster magazines as a writer, researcher, and knowledgeable authority on the subject of "poverty row" horror films of the '50s. His book, *Unsung Heroes of the Horrors*, which contains personal interviews with such stars as Allison Hayes, Catherine Victor, and Bruno Vesota, is nearing completion.

If he were not an actor, he would become a full-time researcher and writer. "I'm really very shy and unsociable to be an actor," he admits. "I'm always uncomfortable at parties and around people other than my personal friends."

In fact, he first became interested in acting when he discovered he could use it to mask his own feelings of insecurity. "As an actor," he says, "I can turn loose all my inner turmoil and everyone just says, 'Gee, what a great actor he is!' If I exercised the same kind of release in real life, they'd put me away. I suppose that's

how I got so good at playing troubled and neurotic teenagers. I was just taking what I felt about myself and expanding it to its logical limits."

In a way, he was type-cast in his first appearance on TV. When he was 14 he was chosen from a drama workshop in Hollywood to appear in a David Wolper documentary on teenagers. Several actors were used in the show to portray teenagers supposedly found in a typical crowd at Ciro's on Sunset Strip, a popular teen-hangout of the day. Brown was chosen because he projected a surly and defiant attitude, in keeping with the picture Wolper wished to paint of the "typical teenager."

He actually was very much a teenage rebel. "Our family was always in conflict when I was a child," he says. "When I was about 13 my mother got into trouble with the law where we lived in San Jose, and we moved to Los Angeles because she didn't want to stay there. We left behind a life of relative middle-class comfort for one of near-poverty. Naturally I felt cheated and I grew resentful and rebellious."

While he lived in San Jose, he had studied acting at a workshop in nearby San Francisco. He had even appeared as a six-year-old extra in the film *In Love And War*. So when he was transplanted to L.A. he continued his studies. He couldn't afford to pay the fees, but the workshop recognized his talent and gave him a life-time scholarship (which was later revoked when he let it be known what he thought of the administration of the workshop).

In his late teens, he began getting more and more TV work. His specialty, playing troubled teenagers, made him a logical choice for the many doctor and police programs that dealt with drug abuse themes at the time. "One of my first major roles was on 'Marcus Welby,'" he told me. "I was a boy who becomes addicted to marijuana — yes, addicted! — and gravitates to a whole catalogue of other drugs from there. Shortly after that I played a boy on another show who drops acid and throws himself off the top of a building."

(Please Turn To Page 89)



Brown (right) with Jeff Bridges in *Bad Company*, 1972.

barry brown

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COMMENTS:

JIM KEPNER

The presidential elections are upon us, but the gay interest is less easy to define than we had hoped it to be. We certainly have a stake in the outcome, as gays, and as citizens with otherwise divergent views.

Recent years have taught us the chastening lesson that gay power doesn't always progress in a straight line. I wrote in July, 1960, that most gays seemed content to leave their political fate in others' hands, BUT, if gays ever became a self-conscious voting bloc, we had the numbers to turn the tide in most elections. But most gays either didn't vote at all, or followed their background bias — or they voted for the good-looking candidate or the one rumored to have "played around."

I suggested that while looking for homosexual law reform, we might judge a candidate's leanings by at-

titudes on other civil rights issues. Even in 1967, when several of us visited congressional offices in Washington, we mostly assumed that any open endorsement by us would be a kiss of death.

Shortly before that pivotal Stonewall riot in New York, a few California office seekers credited their victories to the gay vote. During 1970, gay caucuses won gay rights planks in the platforms of some minor parties: Peace and Freedom on the left and the newformed Libertarian Party on the right — but most gay activists, still burned by the earlier homophobia of Marxists, spurned the proffered support of the Socialist Workers Party (Trotskyist).

In late 1971 we made sudden gains in some Democratic state caucuses. Most Democratic presidential candidates made some pitch for the gay vote and occasionally mentioned it in

TV interviews. Only in isolated youth groups was any headway made in the GOP — they still spouted the platitudes of moral repression. We began to hope for a clear Democratic statement on gay rights on a national stage by at least 1976.

Then, in the heady reformist atmosphere of the 1972 Democratic National Convention in Miami (before McGovern scuttled the coalition which had won him the nomination) the gay rights plank got to the convention floor. So what if it was 5 a.m.? So what if it was voted down? — it got a surprising percentage of the vote. Our issue, well presented, had at last arrived on the national political scene.

So we were sanguine about 1976. Presidential candidates began courting us early. Gay Power was being felt in many big cities and a few small towns. Gay Power was visible in some

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state committees, and we were advancing on other fronts as well. But Gov. Shapp of Pennsylvania, who gave us the most meaningful support, was the first to drop from the Presidential race.

The shock of seeing the gay rights plank unceremoniously dumped in New York this year stunned many gays, despite Carter's appointment of a gay advisory committee. We'd had higher hopes.

Gays are by no means all Democrats. But we've gotten our message across only among the Democrats and in certain minor parties. Some gays, angry that Carter ditched our plank, will sit the election out. Others will recall days when neither party would take a clear platform stand on Black rights, yet when Eisenhower first and Johnson more forcefully, acted. They will hope, with some qualms, that Carter will lay low only until November. They will hope (and how important that is) for a higher caliber of judicial appointments than Nixon and Ford have given us. They will recall Carter's UCLA statement that open gays should not be barred from government jobs, and Chip Carter's participation in that gay tricycle race

in San Francisco. And they will point out that most Republicans still see us as a sign of creeping corruption.

But lacking Carter's open endorsement of gay rights, most gays who vote will probably fall back on their "otherwise" political bent. The Panama Canal seems to have dropped out of the race, so gays in that camp will have to find another banner or sit it out.

Issues aren't likely to figure strongly in the final days of the campaign. Carter will likely soft-pedal his ideas, and Ford doesn't seem to have any — though he probably isn't homophobic. Would that he'd chosen Betty as his running-mate!

Some will turn to the minor parties. The conservative Libertarians who oppose all government power and the Socialist Workers Party which has made a deep commitment to the gay cause, could well reap a lot of gay votes. They've worked for them. So has Sen. McCarthy, running as an independent. With the major parties still embarrassed by us, many will feel the need of a protest vote.

As for me — I probably won't make up my mind fully until I step into that little booth in November.

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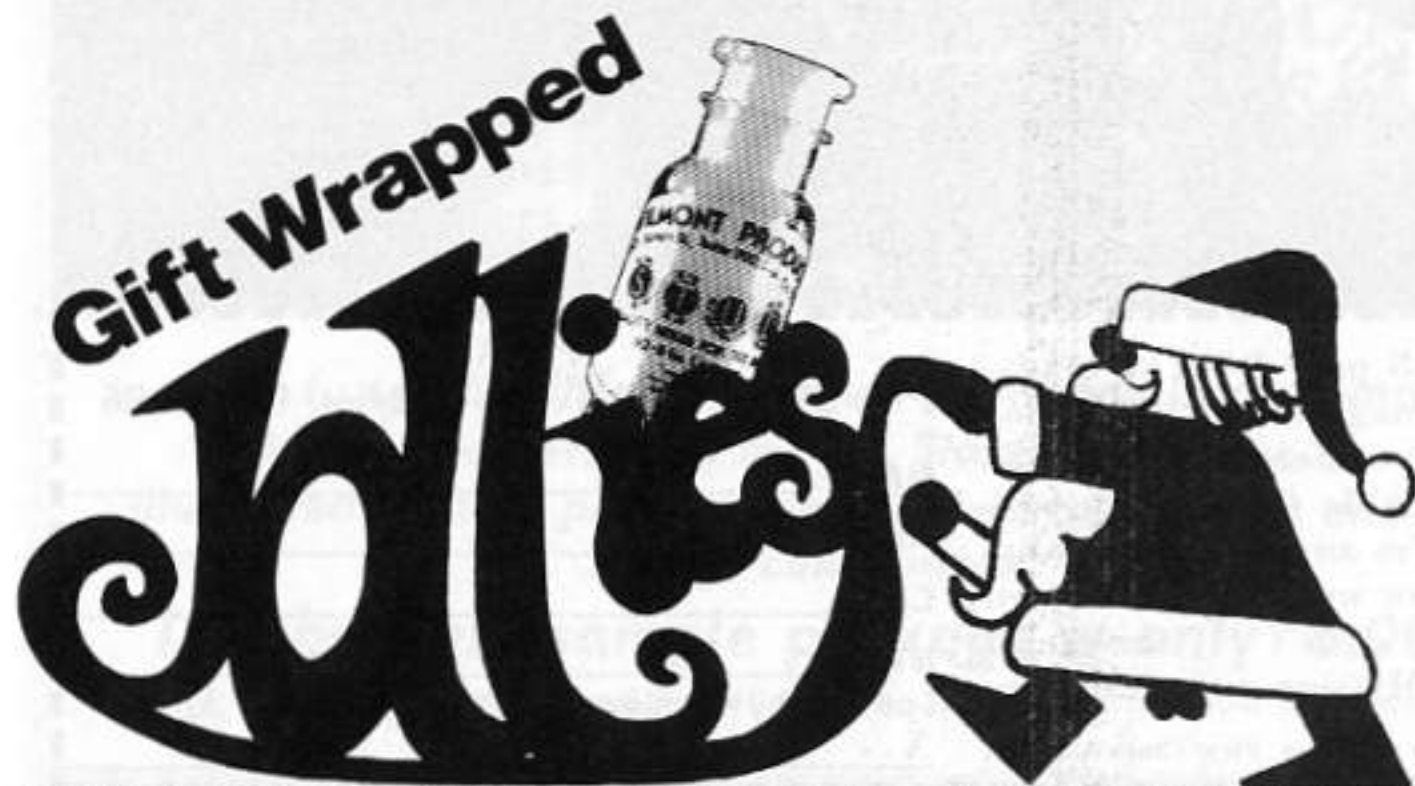
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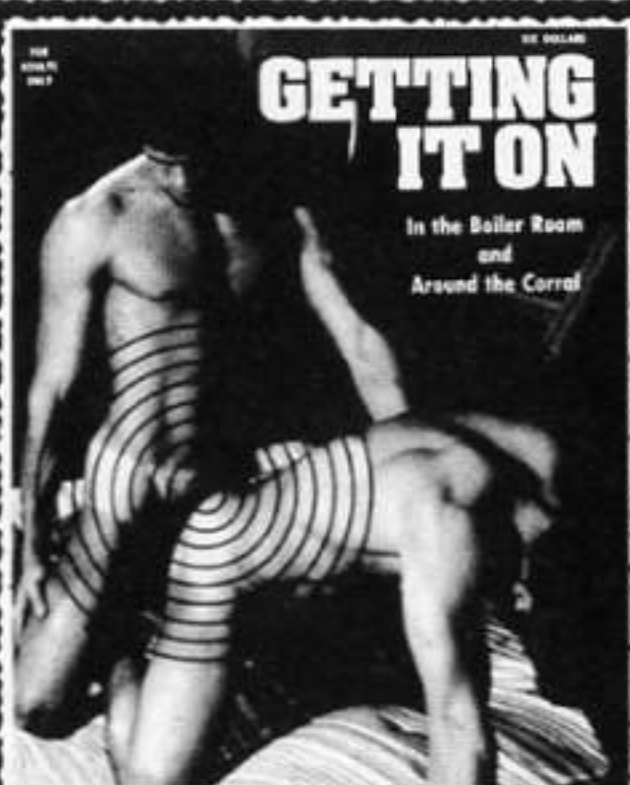
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Cancer

JUNE 22—JULY 22

If you have any ideas on how to make an extra buck, now is the time to try . . . and this doesn't mean a trip to the nearest reservation. Money problems can be a stumbling block to personal advancement. Look over your assets. Do you have any that can be sold or rented? You'd be amazed what people are renting these days . . . and returning in good condition. However, all work and no play can be very tedious, so don't pass up any offers for a good time. Friends can be helpful, they may even give you a ride to that reservation that's so close.

Leo

JULY 23—AUGUST 23

You have to be prepared to make some changes if you want progress. This could mean new clothes, a new hair style or a different water-hole . . . the kind that sells booze. Don't make unfair comparisons during the change over. If you're the kind that takes things lying down, you'd best try another angle . . . at least until you can afford a new carpet. When you've got what you want, be nice and give as good as you get, otherwise you may not get it so good a second time.

Virgo

AUGUST 24—SEPTEMBER 23

You've been fretting lately instead of flirting. Fretting will give you an ulcer, flirting may provide you with the cure for one. Just like the wise squirrel, you have to store up on your favorite nuts for Christmas. With the long winter evenings you'll need something to nibble on. So, before you have to wrap it all up in long johns and raincoats, let it all hang out and see what you can catch. If you've already caught it, make sure he isn't a Virgo and following this advice.

Libra

SEPTEMBER 24—OCTOBER 23

You will gain a lot of success if you handle important matters on a direct approach basis. Confront the controversy and don't beat about the bush. If he hasn't paid the rent, throw him out. With your charm and personality, you don't need to keep anybody. On the other hand, if you're the one that's being kept, check around, you might find better pickin's . . . with your charm, etc., you should have the best. Of course it depends on your etc., and what you can do with it.

Scorpio

OCTOBER 24—NOVEMBER 22

You should be on the receiving end of a little dividend from a grateful admirer who has benefited from your generosity in the past. It could be something to wear, something to eat or maybe a check, but as long as it doesn't result in a check-up, you should be pleased. At times you are a little hard toward some of your friends . . . not that they want you to be soft, but a little tete-a-tete once in awhile is great for finding out exactly what turns them on.

Sagittarius

NOVEMBER 23—DECEMBER 21

You're on the trail of new discoveries, follow the scent and don't give up just because he's not using Brut; that doesn't mean he isn't one. With some new toys to play with, life should be a little more stimulating. Curb your demanding impulse and lie back and let nature take its course, not everybody is prepared to start at the bottom. Take care to repay some old debts even if it means slinging a brick through your ex's window. Some advice from an old friend may prove beneficial if you're prepared to listen.

Capricorn

DECEMBER 22—JANUARY 20

You are inclined to keep in the background too much, if you've got it, flaunt it, if you haven't well it's better you stay in the background, but at least let them know you're there. This is a good time for tackling that heavy responsibility you've been avoiding. If it's that 300-pound footballer, go right ahead, but make sure you tackle him on your home ground and have some rubbing as well as drinking alcohol to soothe the savage beast. You lucky devil you.

Aquarius

JANUARY 21—FEBRUARY 18

Your magic touch is needed to get the orgy rolling, so make sure you've got warm hands. Friends will be looking to you for many things, but hold off lending money. As far as the rest of your assets are concerned, you can give and give until it hurts. Since you often get invited to shindigs, balls and other dubious pastimes, make the most of your ability to win friends and influence people by being a matchmaker, but don't let them greet you with "Hello Dolly." It doesn't suit you.

Pisces

FEBRUARY 19—MARCH 20

Changes are on the cards, including your ideals and idols. If the present idol is now idle, then make the change. You've got what it takes and a lot of people would like to take what you've got, so you don't have to hang in there and suffer unless you're a little masochistic. If this means a job change, do check out new prospects before quitting, but if it's a more personal matter, look before you leap. Invite him to a skinny dip in the pool or a session in the sauna. Good luck.

Aries

MARCH 21—APRIL 20

What you have been longing for is within your reach now. However, if you're reading this on any form of public transportation . . . be a little discreet. If you've been longing for material things, don't be too greedy. Check out the details carefully on any current plans, read between the lines and look behind the bush, you don't want to get caught with your pants down . . . at least until you know the catcher. Think about future plans soon, but you have time to enjoy your present situation a little longer.

Taurus


APRIL 21—MAY 20

It's high time you got off your butt and took care of your obligations. If it means answering a letter, do it. If it's a phone call, go ahead and dial. People dig you because you are reliable and a good friend, so don't let them slip away just for the sake of a few stamps. If you've been working too hard, slow down. Remember life begins BEFORE 40 . . . so save some for those long winter evenings. Assert yourself and your rights and get what you deserve. Take that long trip to visit old friends, you'll be welcome.

Gemini

MAY 21—JUNE 21

You'll get a lot of propositions right now. If you like what they propose, accept them. Climb out of the doldrums by visiting new places. Variety is the spice of life and maybe it's what you need right now. You'll know when you've found what you're looking for, you'll get that old familiar feeling. It might be hard at first, but get used to it. It's worth the extra effort for the satisfaction received. Now, don't you feel better already? If not, try it again . . . and again . . . and again.



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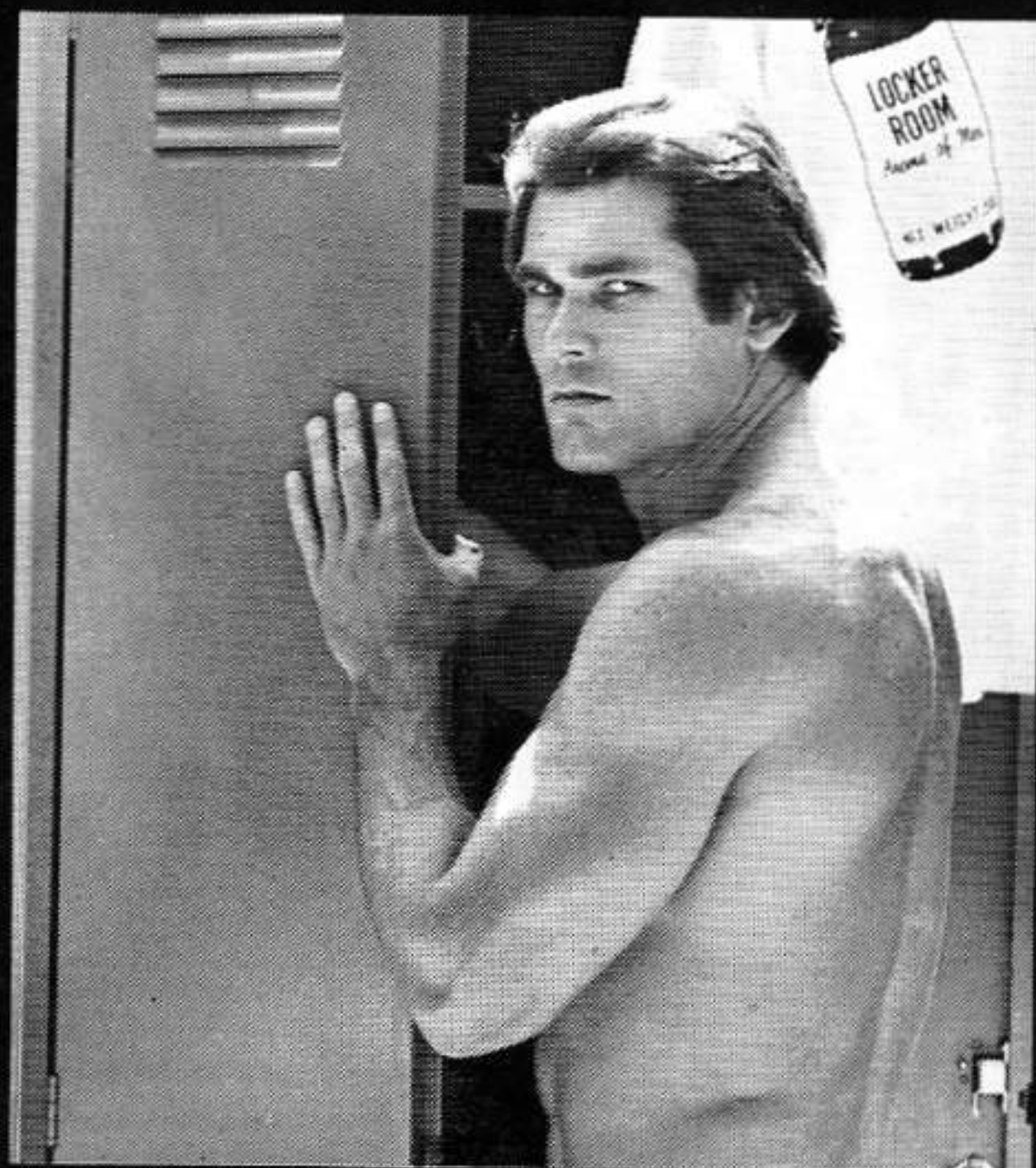
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ON THE TOWN

(Continued From Page 13)

chicago

Chicago's nippy autumn weather has arrived, causing the action to turn from the outdoor beer gardens to the cavernous confines of local pubs and discos.

Over the summer, several new bars opened, most notably The Bushes, named after a prominent cavorting area in Lincoln Park. Despite its postage stamp-sized dance floor, the bar has become a favorite neighborhood watering hole with its contemporarily subdued interior, dominated by butcher block counter-tops.

La Mere Vipere, listing itself as "Chicago's Neon Palace," is a two-floored drinking establishment which also opened last summer. The neon light sculptures of flamingos, palm trees and white lightning streaks set the dance floor ablaze.

The famous Rush Street area is enjoying a Renaissance and the formerly straight disco, Alfie's, recently turned gay and adds to this zesty section with its plush atmosphere and small, but adequate dance floor. Its father bar, Le Pub, continues enjoying immense popularity with a more youthful crowd, especially Thursday evenings.

The Broadway Limited in Carmichael Village has undergone structural changes with a new stainless steel dance floor. The management promises by press time their newly constructed levi-leather saloon will be operating in the lower level, providing an alternative to the disco scene.

The Bistro is still Chicago's hottest disco with the weekend crowds spilling out the doors. The newly decorated back lounge was completed in early summer. Despite its reputed costs, the room was unfortunately misconceived with a conglomeration of several contemporary styles. Nevertheless, the latest recordings permeate from the wonderful sound system, the large dance floor is dominated by amyl odors and the riotous action is endless.

Chicago's hardcore denim-leather bar, The Gold Coast, won't relinquish its title for popularity. It celebrated its 15th Anniversary during a festive week in September.

Man's Country Baths continues its live entertainment in the huge second-floor dance hall, but at press time, the only act booked for fall is Harriet Lieder, a N.Y.C. entertainer. Called "The Diva," this 300-pound singer-comedienne appears Oct. 27-30.

On a more cultural note, Nov. 5-18 is the 12th Annual Chicago International Film Festival and screenings will be held in the Uptown and Biograph theatres.

The Chicago Art Institute Film Center recently opened its new theatre on Columbus Drive and in October will show "In Glorious Black and White: A Tribute to the Hollywood Cameramen," an eight-film package of American cinematography. The package will soon tour U.S. museums and notably includes *Shanghai Express* and *Gilda*.

Around town, Bobby Vinton is at the Arie Crown Oct. 29-31 and Liberace plays the posh Sabre Room Nov. 5-7.

—Bill Lumen

miami

The newly decorated \$6 million Miami Beach Theatre of the Performing Arts starts its Fall season with Zero Mostel in "Fiddler on the Roof" Nov. 30-Dec. 12. After the show's two-week run it reopens on Broadway.

"Fiddler" marks the opening of producer Zev Bufman's seven-play fall and winter season on Miami Beach. His big catch is "A Chorus Line," which will run in early May. The Miami Beach company will be the same one that opened at London's Drury Lane Theatre. The London company is now currently cast with Broadway actors as international union regulations allow American actors to work there for a limited period. In early 1977 this company will be replaced by English actors and the Americans will return home to the Miami Beach Theatre of the Performing Arts. Since the coming production was announced, phones at the theatre haven't stopped ringing.

Many Miamians are hitting the road to the Parliament House in Orlando for a gay weekend, finding it

(Please Turn To Page 91)

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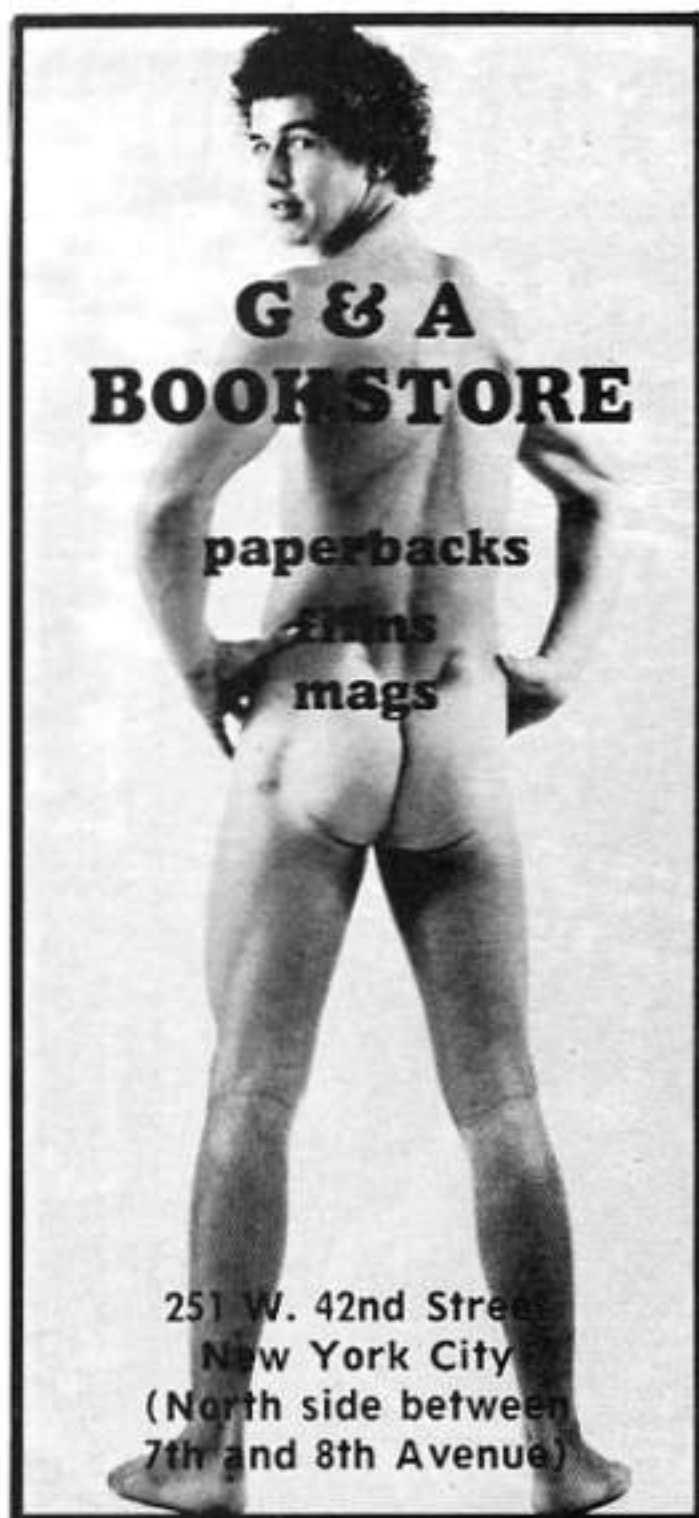
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Back Issues

After a big build-up for the April issue (featuring the English model) I never could find a copy! I have always found *IN TOUCH* at Henderson's magazine store in downtown Norfolk. This spring I went in the store three or four times, but could not find a copy. Either it sold out quickly or was never delivered — which occasionally happens. I was disappointed, especially after that build-up — the male who has to be seen to be believed!

So, my question is — any copies available? I'd sure like one. How much to get a copy by mail? I'm on a strict budget, but will consider a copy. After all, I feel *IN TOUCH* to be the best of the male magazines! Thank you for your time and attention. And keep it up! (the great work I mean!)

Bill Chase
Norfolk, Va.

Most of our back issues, including April, are available for \$2 plus 50 cents handling through the mail and in every issue there's a subscription page with the list of back issues available and an order form.

Clyde Is Too Hot!

I've had my copy of *Too Hot To Handle* now for several days but have not been able to take my eyes off that magnificent photo of Clyde Dayton Wallace. Had I asked for specifications of a glorious male, I couldn't have come up with anything like that. He is, of course, the perfect choice for Billy Sives — and wouldn't I love to see Paul Newman do his thing with Clyde! The others are good (except for Tony) but this one picture is well worth the \$6.

Hugh Behymer
Massachusetts

You're not alone. Clyde, who dropped by our offices recently with a deep tan and sun-bleached hair from his summer job as a lifeguard, was a favorite in last December's issue as well as in the special edition you've been drooling over.

We Love Clothes!

I just love your magazine, which just about has something for everyone. But why not have some great pictures (color or black and white) of some great looking guys in street clothes and shoes for us clothes fetishers. We are turned on by a great guy in Levis and wearing either wing-tip shoes or plain black Oxford types, business-type shoe. They could wear sport shirts or T-shirts. Won't you give us a chance also? A fashion section with good-looking guys in sportswear, or conservative business suits (wearing wing-tip shoes, Oxford-type shoes — cordovan types) would really turn me on and the others like me. Keep up the great work in photography and remember us also, please.

Stephen D. Ryan
New York City

Normally we get letters asking to see more, not less, of our models. You'll notice we usually do offer a shot of each of our models in clothes prior to their showing in the buff. But I'm sure you'll see a fashion spread in a future issue.

A Market On Narcissism?

As a professor of economics at a state university, I am intrigued with your article, "Following the Boys," in Issue 23.

Apparently the issue of the gay market hinges somewhat on an old question: Is there such a thing as a gay personality? Or do gays differ from the rest of society only by the anatomy of the body with which they desire sexual experience (coupled

(Please Turn To Page 80)

In general, the early arguments for the acceptance of homosexuality were genteel arguments, based on Greek precedent, and the honorable relationships of schoolmaster and schoolboy, for instance. Whitman has none of this. He is not a pederast on the Greek model, but a lover of everyday modern man. He does not sublimate his passion in lingering glances at untouchable boys, but instead sings

*We two boys together
clinging,
One the other never
leaving*

He will not write of the glories of history, but of the glories of love and affection. He writes

*But merely of two simple
men I saw to-day on the
pier in the midst of the
crowd, parting the part-
ing of dear friends,
The one to remain hung on
the other's neck and
passionately kiss'd him,
While the one to depart
tightly prest the one to
remain in his arms.*

Whitman did not doubt that the day would come when such expressions of love between men would be common. He believed that men had long been prevented from affectionate relationships with each other, but that America, with its idea of brotherhood, would lead the way to a discovery of the meaning of friendship. He believed that we need to learn to be friends and to express our friendship with our bodies and with our souls. Men will respond, he believed, for they long for the discovery of their own potential for loving:

*I believe the main purport
of these States is to found
a superb friendship, exalte,
previously unknown
Because I perceive it waits,
and has been always waiting,
latent in all men.*

His belief in the passionate, loving relationship of men did not make him an antagonist of women. On the contrary, he saw women as equals and partners, freed from their subordinate role as sex objects. He insisted upon the equality of women:

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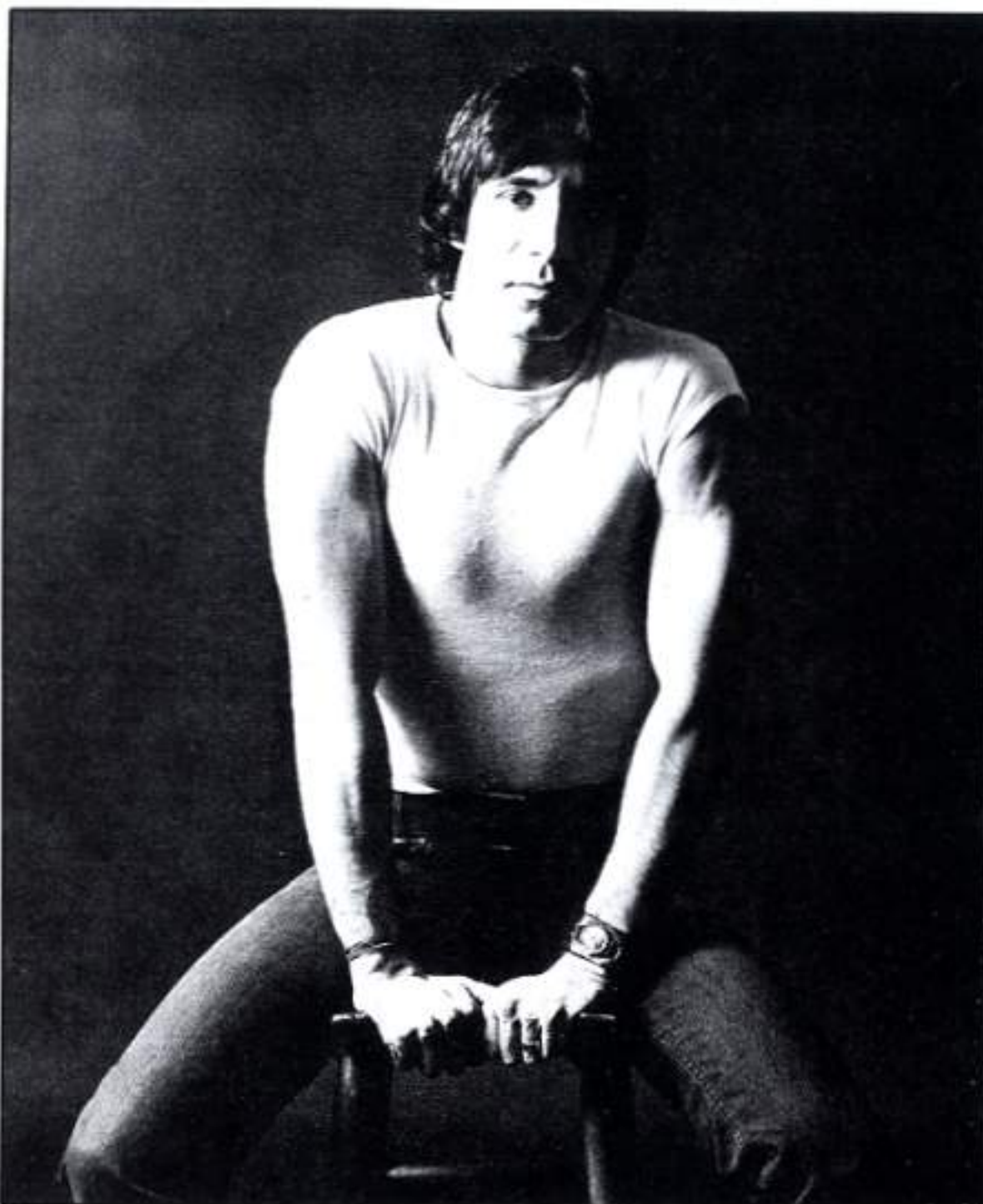
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(Continued From Page 77)

*I am the poet of the women
the same as the man,
And I say it is as great to
be a woman as to be a man.*

And he wrote one of the most remarkable sections of "Song of Myself," section 11, about a woman and her erotic dreams. The dream concludes with a sexual climax in which Whitman's attention shifts from her to the men she is admiring, as he creates an almost unparalleled scene of masturbation and fellatio:

*The beards of the young
men glisten'd with wet, it
ran from their long hair,
Little streams pass'd all
over their bodies.
An unseen hand also pass'd
over their bodies,
It descended tremblingly from
their temples and ribs.*

*The young men float on their
backs, their white bellies
bulge to the sun, they do
not ask who seizes fast to
them,
They do not know who puffs and
declines with pendant and
bending arch,
They do not think whom they
souse with spray.*

In this marvellous sequence Whitman displays great sensibility, as he creates a moving and erotic tableau. At the same time, the passage is a defense of anonymous sex (the "unseen hand," they "do not know who puffs and declines"). The body is good, hence the use of the body is good, Whitman seems to say. We need to rediscover the ability to enjoy our bodies, to regain the sense of pleasure in the touch of another human being.

Whitman did not restrict his beliefs to his poetry but translated them into action. He was a nurse during the Civil War and gently and efficiently tended hundreds of young men, helping some of them to die, helping others to regain their health. Years later they remembered Walt fondly and kept in touch with him, as he kept in touch with them. He had always been a bit of a nurse, caring for his beloved brother, who was mentally retarded. And he retained something important from his Quaker heritage, a sense of innate gentleness, a softness of manner, and a moral uprightness which made him a source of strength for all those who

knew him. In Washington after the War he met Peter Doyle, a young man who was a streetcar conductor. They met on the streetcar in 1866, when Whitman was 46 or 47 and Doyle was 19. In Doyle's words,

*Something in me made me do it
and something in him drew me that
way. He used to say there was
something in me had the same effect
on him. Anyway, I went into the car.
We were familiar at once — I put my
hand on his knee—we understood.
He did not get out at the end of the
trip — in fact went all the way back
with me.*

The two lived together from 1866 until 1873, when Whitman suffered a stroke, was partially paralyzed and moved to Camden. Those seven years together must have been exceptionally happy. Whenever Walt was away for even a short trip, reading his poems, visiting his family, or arranging for publication, he wrote to Pete, his "loving comrade," his "dear boy and comrade," and "my darling," signing himself "Yours for life," "Many, many loving kisses to you," and "Love to you, baby."

The separation of the two brought about by Whitman's illness was painful, as Whitman's letters testify. He writes during the first year of their separation, "I am very comfortable here indeed, but my heart is blank and lonesome utterly." And again, "Everything is very complete and correct here — but O, I need your dear loving face and hand and voice." Doyle came to visit, but his visits became more difficult as Whitman's fame grew and he was more and more protected by his family and his admirers. After Whitman's death, Doyle explained:

*I know he wondered why I saw so
little of him the three or four years
before he died, but when I explained
it to him he understood.
Nevertheless, I am sorry for it now.
The obstacles were too small to have
made the difference I allowed. It was
only this: In the old days I had
always open doors to Walt — going,
coming, staying, as I chose. Now I
had to run the gauntlet of Mrs. Davis
and a nurse and what not. Somehow,
I could not do it. It seemed as if
things were not as they should have
been. Then I had a mad impulse to
go over and nurse him. I was his
proper nurse — he understood me —*

(Please Turn To Page 85)

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POWERS

(Continued From Page 65)

him. Powers is determined to make his own way. Well aware of his natural attributes and willing to make them work in his favor, but by no means a Midnight — or Rhinestone — Cowboy. Sex is secondary to his career. He gives the impression of having learned from mistakes made and stands naked before his audience, scars and all. "Being creative, you can do anything. And I'm willing to take a chance: I've done it."

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So far he has appeared mainly in gay clubs: Galaxy 21 and The Anvil in New York City, The Crown and Anchor in Provincetown, The Ice Palace and The Monster on Fire Island. Whether on stage or off, he loves dancing most and is spotted often in discos around the New York area, usually accompanied by attractive ladies who like dancing as much as he does.

Having made a guest appearance in Phil Oesterman's "Let My People Come" on Broadway, Powers has had a taste of what may be in store for him. The stage at The Anvil may have been his proving ground, but he's ready for launching.

LETTERS

(Continued From Page 76)

possibly with ramifications spawned by a sense of rejection by the bulk of society and thus a need for an identity which builds self-respect).

If there is a distinct gay personality, the changes in marketing techniques mentioned are right on the beam; we will buy and be proud to be considered.

If there is no such distinct personality, then why are these marketing efforts so successful? Could it be that gays can thus openly express their appreciation for bodies of the same sex, without realizing how much of this is based in a self love? And that straights are respon-

(Please Turn To Page 82)

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LETTERS

(Continued From Page 80)

ding to the advertising aimed at gays because their sense of self love is just as real and just as strong as that of the gays, though they would be slower than gays to admit it? Particularly, clothing designed probably by gays but definitely for gays is bought and worn by the most macho straights, because they, too, know what they have physically and they want to flaunt it as much as the gays, though not necessarily for the impact on members of their own sex. Most men buy the clothes they do because they, themselves, like what it does for them. Narcissism is not confined to gays, even in the direction of Madison Avenue's marketing efforts.

Incidentally, I deeply appreciate your magazine. Your taste, balance, photography, and clear understanding of what gays want are unsurpassed. Keep that distinct, respectful place in the market. There isn't another magazine that can compare. My only suggestion would be for a greater concentration on the things we can't read elsewhere, thus giving less attention to the show reviews,

music discussions, etc., that aren't peculiarly gay. Thanks for doing a great job!

Because of professional hazards, I must remain anonymous.

On Being Discreet

Living in a relatively small (15,000) town one has to keep his anonymity, especially since I hold a civil service position. People in small towns just "aren't ready" to accept gay people as human beings but still live in the days of shadow / darkness. After all, being gay is only sexual preference, but try and explain that to rednecks/hardhats or iron workers, whatever you wish to call them. If one is "found out," snickers galore and one is frowned upon by the community; but one must and does separate one's self while on the job and afterwards what he does is his own business just as long as he is discreet. And discreet one must be, or else one would be castrated and cast out of his or her position as well as out of town into oblivion — like the

(Please Turn To Page 93)

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(Continued From Page 79)

I understood him. We loved each other deeply. But there were things preventing that, too. I saw them. I should have gone to see him, at least, in spite of everything. I know it now, I did not know it then, but it is all right. Walt realized I never swerved from him — he knows it now — that is enough.

But Whitman knew that his lovers must always part. He knew that he was a teacher, and that what he taught was self-reliance. "I kiss you with a good-by kiss and open the gate for your egress hence." Long have you timidly waded holding a plank by the shore / Now I will you to be a bold swimmer." Whitman did not believe that anyone could possess anyone else. He wanted his lovers to remember him with love as they continued on their journeys, and as he continued on his:

*I go from bedside to bed-
side, I sleep close with
the other sleepers each in
turn,
I dream in my dreams all the
dreams of the other dreamers,
And I become the other
dreamers.*

"The Sleepers"

Pete came to Walt's funeral, and was turned away at the door, until one of Whitman's friends recognized him. He went to the cemetery, but took no part in the ceremony, which brought out the celebrated of America to pay tribute to a great poet. There was no place for Peter Doyle, Walt Whitman's lover "for life." He went home alone and came to believe that one day, after his own death, Pete and Walt would be together again.

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• • •

TOOLS

(Continued From Page 35)

hustlers I knew as a friend. I preferred to go it alone, not wanting to bother with the games, rivalry and competition among the others.

I saw Billy three or four times working the same block I did before I spoke to him. With his blond, frail looks, I couldn't believe he was hustling. The place, the style, the pose told me he was — but he was so young! When we got to know each other we would talk over coffee in a diner to keep warm and sane. He

would claim to be thirteen but I suspect he was younger. His father, when he wasn't drunk hustled but depended mostly on Billy to bring in money for food and booze. When his father was drunk, Billy would stay with me rather than face another beating or sexual assault. And assaults they were. More than once I had to wash the blood from between his legs and calm his hysterical sobbing.

They had come up from Atlanta and Billy was always unwilling to say why they had left. I suspected trouble with the law but wouldn't press him. For the most part they had no friends but there was an occasional party for well paying customers who wanted a little more variety. I learned later that Billy and his father had hosted one of these parties with the usual amount of noise and drunkenness, but in the morning the man across the hall noticed the door ajar. He found the room in shambles and Billy naked and dead in the middle of the floor. There was an investigation. There were no explanations.

I left a week later for parts unknown to these street people, people I had come to understand and of whom I was one. Seven years later I'm telling this story. Not sure that life is all that different anywhere. Certainly less dramatic, but no less crushingly brutal or unkind, no less gentle and loving and no less unexpected.

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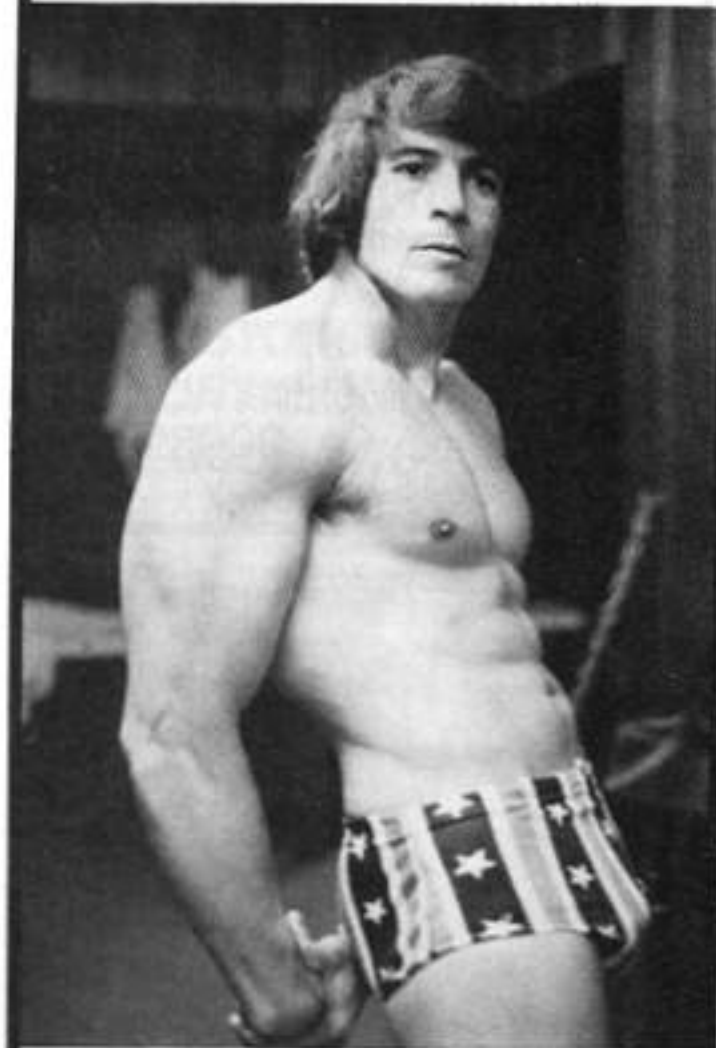


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JARREAU

(Continued From Page 64)

mobile mouth opens in good-natured laughter.

But, soon after that unsuccessful audition, he and Julio stopped by Dino's to see Maurice Davis, a pal from San Francisco, who was subbing. "So we walked in, and it was like — POW! Old friends, right? 'Come on! I don't wanna hear "no" — just come on and sing here now!' And, well, we did, and we turned the joint out! I think they had to call the Fire Department or something! Get a nurse in! Yeah! It was like that!" Al moves around the room remembering, broad shoulders and chest tightly encased in a white knit sweater, fingers snapping.

That audience reaction, plus raves in local papers, assured Al a gig at the club. And, concurrently, an offer from Gatsby's in Sausalito, then a stint at the Playboy Club. Finally, inevitably, came the call from New York, and in the fall of '69 he was cozily installed at Rodney Dangerfield's. But his "set" was still a combination of jazz tunes, show stuff, some samba, and a few "contemporary rock-oriented" things.

"I hadn't begun to write," he says. "But on the other hand I felt like I owned the tunes I was doing, they had become such a close part of me. I felt like I had written them. And anyway, I had always had to do material that I could really get into." Still, New York was receptive, and he had a good stay at Dangerfield's, although "there may have been other clubs which would have brought us in contact with a greater cross-section of people than at such a club where a very select group of people came. But those people were nice to us, so we stayed on . . . and also worked several weeks at the Playboy Club there in the Big Apple."

Meanwhile, he discovered the Improv, participating in skits with Jimmie ("J.J.") Walker, Marvin Braverman, and Bette Midler: "A whole list of people who are doin' really nice things now, but back then we all were hangin' out at the ol' Improv, getting it together!" He chuckles. "I feel warmly about New York. I don't want to live there, but there are a lot of warm things happening in New York. It's just that by and large there's also so much frightening stuff going on that I can't stand it."

He leaps at the chance to give advice on starting a successful singing career. "Well, it's really simple! And, in 20 words or less, it's to play your



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home and to sing your song as often as you get a chance to do it. That's the only way. And you make your chances; go out and look for 'em. Y' gotta go out and do it! There's no other answer here. Just do it as much and as often as you can. And you learn, and you roll with it, and all around it."

In New York, he began writing his own material, but the need for a more congenial atmosphere brought him back to L.A. and the start of his present career. At that same time, also newly-born, was a mad Studio City club, the Bla Bla Cafe, a square structure squatting on Ventura, flaunting the most garish facade north of South Miami. It was mutual love at first sight, and Al and the Bla Bla grew up together. "The Bla Bla was a be-a-u-t-i-f-u-l place to work — one — of — the — last — true — workshops, where you could get up in front of people and do what you do and work on it and polish it and refine it.

"When I left, after 2 1/2 years, I was working Friday and Saturday nights, on salary, and that was my only job. We did amazing business! And the place grew! Obviously, there were some other things going on there: the food was good, the 'family' of people — just incredibly beautiful people! For most of the year the customers were the same ones almost every night — every third night, at least."

This was when Al began to compose in earnest, although he ruefully admits he can't actually write music or play an instrument. "The writing happens in my head. I know what it is I want to hear, the chords, the changes, the passing changes, and all that stuff, much more than just a melodic line." Given the sophisticated complexity of his songs (listen, for example, to "We Got By" from his album of the same name), you comment that the only possible explanation is that it is a "gift."

"It is. It is! he agrees, with a touch of wonder. "There's no question about it. It is a gift, man! A gift that is helped along by having been in and around music as a youngster. There's no substitute for that." And, this time, you agree, hearing in his work the echoes of Kenton, the early Diz, Sarah, a touch of Nat Cole, Ellington and Eckstein, all synthesized into a unique sound and performed from shoulders and insteps and heart as well as throat.

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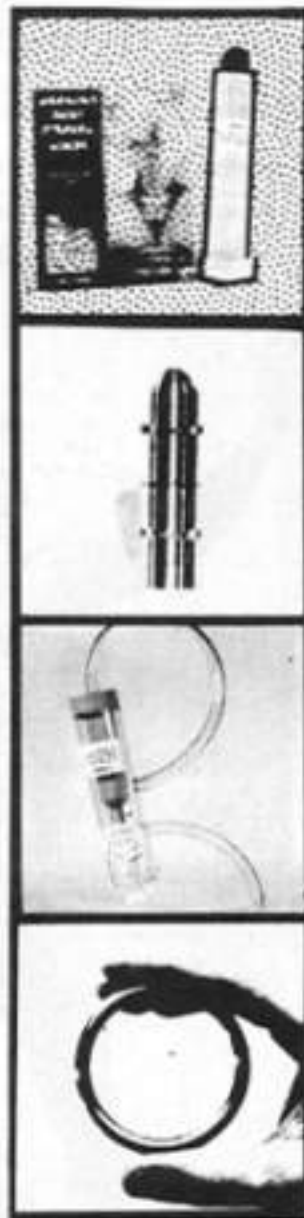
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JARREAU

the bigger L.A. clubs, and paid his dues at such spots as The Times Restaurant (in the Valley), After Dark in West Hollywood, and, the realization of many a singer's dream, the Troubadour, where Warner Records saw and signed him. As a result of which, last spring, having cut his second album, "Glow," Al went on "a whirlwind tour" of eight European countries, singing in jazz clubs and on TV and radio.

The interview over, he dons his floppily-stylish English schoolboy cap and leaves for the recording studio. Still basking in his warm glow, you put on your favorite cut (his, too, it had turned out) from the "We Got By" album, a strangely haunting song called "Aladdin's Lamp." It is as if he were still there, that warm, warm voice filling the room, serving your most immediate need:

"Stand beside me now,
I've been in your place
And you've been in mine ...
Oh, friend, the words are
true,
I want to offer them to you."

BROWN

(Continued From Page 66)

"I had been in two or three of those things before I stopped and thought about what I was actually doing. I was giving performances — and very good, persuasive performances — designed to convince people that any kid who ever smokes a joint is going to be hooked for life and wind up miserable, lost, and suicide-prone. And yet I knew that this was a lie. So finally I told my agent no more drug-related scripts, and I haven't done one since."

"Have you, yourself, experimented with drugs?"

"Some," he says. "I smoke a little pot once in a while at a party, when it turns out to be the kind of party that needs it, and over a two-year period I took acid maybe five or six times. In other words, I am pretty much a neophyte on the drug scene. But I think that it is important, both as an actor and as a hopefully well-rounded human being, to experiment in a lot of things that may be foreign to my normal experience."

"Have you also experimented sexually, then?"

"Of course. As an actor, two of my most important models are James Dean, who was openly bi-sexual, and

Montgomery Clift, who was almost exclusively gay, so it was only natural that I should consider trying it out myself. I had a big fight with my girlfriend one night when I was about 17 or 18, and I happened to be walking down the street afterward when a man tried to pick me up. So I went with him. We checked into a sleazy motel somewhere in Hollywood and got into bed, but I wound up having to play the passive role all night because I couldn't even get a hard-on. Making love to a man just did not interest me. I guess it worked out okay for the other guy, but I came out of it convinced that I am destined to be strictly heterosexual."

Barry now lives in an unpretentious rented home in residential Hollywood which he shares with a neurotic dog named Goofy, who adopted him several years ago, and occasionally with his girlfriend, actress Jenny Hill. He enjoys nothing quite so much as inviting over his coterie of film-buff friends to regale

them with private screenings of such classics as *The Mesa of Lost Women* or *Teenagers From Outer Space*.

Between reels he has been known to convulse the company with tales of his adventures on the strife-torn set of *Daisy Miller*, most of which he has expressly forbidden *IN TOUCH* to print. "Let's just say that Cybill Shepherd is a very nice girl, but a little spoiled," he says cautiously. He is more open in his regard for director Peter Bogdanovich; in fact he recently lost a job by defending Bogdanovich to a director who was among his most severe critics.

Although he's satisfied now working in films and TV, Brown has a long-range goal of getting back onto the stage, preferably with a good, innovative regional theater group. "When I die," he says emphatically, "I want them to say that I had just done, was doing, or was about to do 'Long Day's Journey Into Night' ... not an episode of 'The Six Million Dollar Man'!"

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(Continued From Page 75)

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South Florida's only resident professional theatre has opened its seven-play season with the Players Repertory Theatre presenting Noel Coward's "Blithe Spirit" through Nov. 14, followed by the American premiere of "The Signalman's Apprentice" by Brian Phelan, Nov. 18-Dec. 12. It's a suspenseful tale of blackmail, set in a railroad switch yard.

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"Raisin," the Tony and Grammy Award winning musical, starring Virginia Capers, opens as a special holiday attraction Dec. 21-Jan. 2, at Miami's Dade County Auditorium under producer Zev Bufman's banner.

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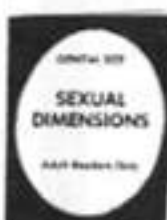
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LETTERS

Dark Ages. But one hope emerges — the young are accepting the gays for what they have to offer as a fellow human beings, intellect, feeling, etc.

Your mag has been a good thing since it hit the stands — like I said, as you mature you grow, and the same holds true of people and their understandings of gay people.

Name withheld
Ohio

Who Can Ask For More?

It is now about a year ago that I first saw your magazine at a friend's

apartment in Toronto. As your records will show, I took out a subscription immediately and my only regret is that I missed the 17 issues you had published before I had heard of you.

You never disappoint: you give excellent and up-to-date information on what's going on on the West Coast; your articles are of high intellectual standard and often thought-provoking, and your photographs are both beautiful in every sense of the word and superb from a technical point of view. The high ethical and intellectual standard you show time and again is what makes *IN TOUCH* so enjoyable! We all have our follies but we must make out as human beings first and

(Please Turn To Page 95)

SPACE

(Continued From Page 61)

can dial yourself any sexual partner desired. And though Michael York turns him down, the stud he dials up is ready and willing. Less obvious is York's relationship with his fellow futuristic policeman which is rudely disrupted by the interference of a girl.

Two films supposedly for straights hold cinema's most positive gay viewpoints. The ill-fated *Flesh Gordon* (1975), bolixed by drop-out effects men, still managed to deliver a gay hero, Prince Precious, who serviced the respectably hung *Flesh* right on camera.

Lastly shines the screen's biggest homophile hit, *Fellini Satyricon*

(Please Turn To Page 96)

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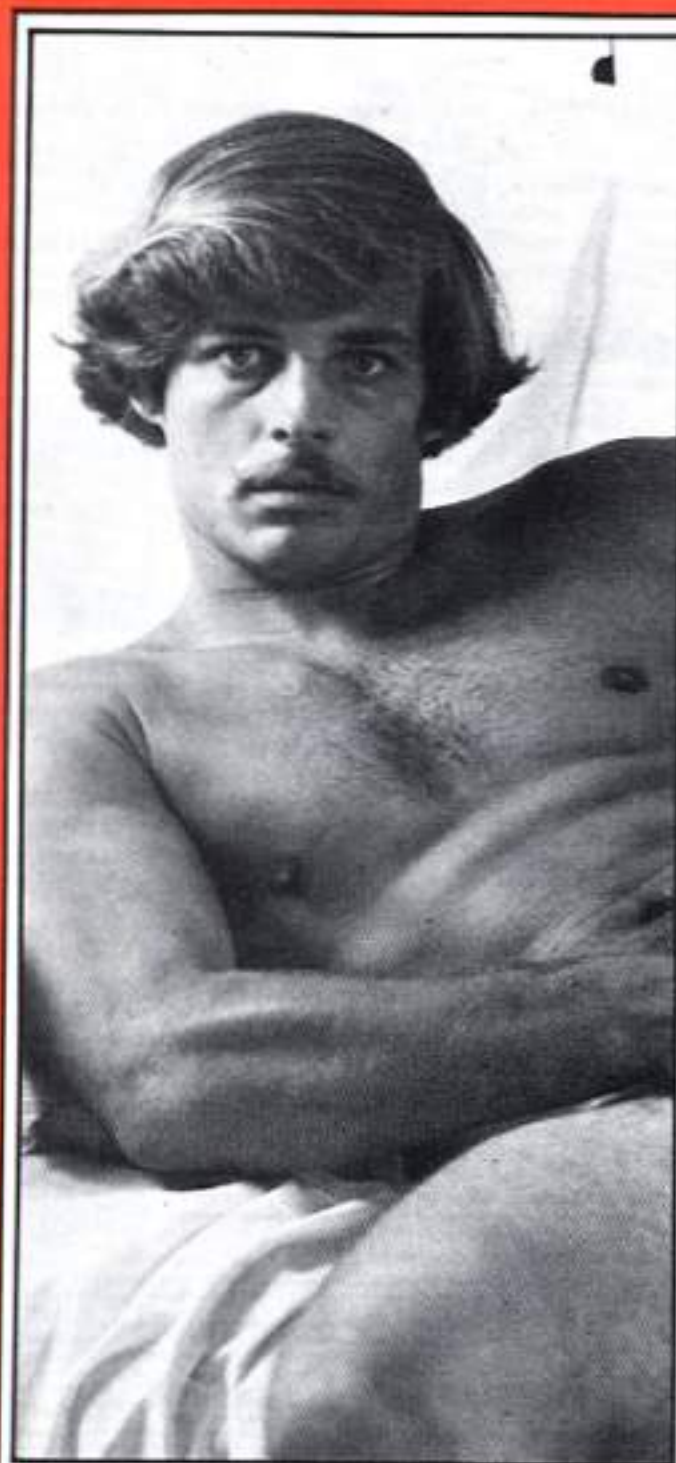
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LETTERS

(Continued From Page 93)

foremost! And you have really surpassed everything I have seen in gay publications in a long time, with your number 23. Who can possibly ask for more?

Tennessee Williams, Sal Mineo and Martin Sheen, the nude figures, two great cities, but above all the drawings of France's greatest artist for a book by another great artist that only too few people can fully appreciate. I am most fortunate in that I have met Jean Genet, while I was living in France whilst my late lover was a friend of the great Jean Cocteau and we both had seen the original drawings. As far as I know, no reproductions do exist of these drawings and I would like to suggest that you explore the possibility of reprinting same, particularly the pages 59 and 61 in their entirety on better paper (no criticism intended!) so that they would be suitable for framing.

Even if copy-rights might prevent you from following up on this suggestion, I hope that we may continue to see more of this high calibre type of art work.

Jerry Van Riemsdyk
Vancouver

P.S. Any chance of becoming a monthly? When are you featuring our fair city?

You'll see more art work in future issues. No plans at this point of going monthly, though next year who can say? And we haven't forgotten Canada. Correspondents from Montreal and Toronto will join us in the next issue.

Berlin Is Unreal!

Hearty congratulations for the Peter Berlin article and photographs (Issue No. 25). He has an absolutely fabulous body, almost unreal and so sexy! He is a complete turn-on! Berlin's poses are really something. I would be pleased with more pictures of him. Also, how about a feature on Cal Culver?

J. Harrison Walker
Wilmington, Del.

You'll see more of Berlin in the next special edition, out in early 1977. In fact, you'll see much more of him! IN TOUCH featured Cal Culver in the July, 1974, issue.



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It's Time

SPACE (Continued From Page 93)

(1970). Its historical facade reveals what the press releases called "science fiction into the past." Lush with pretty boys, jocks and dirty old men, this tale of the ancient planet Rome accepts as heroes two predominantly gay males who indulge with no trace of guilt. Made by one of the world's greatest directors and released to tremendous critical acclaim, *Satyricon* includes more gay sex than any other non-porno film ever produced, including possibly the most beautiful love scene ever filmed, gay or straight.

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